THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Sunday, August 16, 1931

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Curious Kitty

By the Brilliant Satirist
Fish
Verses by
Carolyn Wells

1
One night the great Gigantic lay in her
New York dock,
Scheduled to sail for England at exactly
twelve o'clock.
And in the salon of their suite some
friends a party threw—
Miss Vane, her new employer went; so
Kitty, she went, too.

2
But Kitty soon grew wearied of the cocktails and good-byes;
Her curiosity impelled the use of ears and eyes.
She wandered all around the ship, when suddenly she saw
The Captain, gorgeous in gold braid—she stood and stared in awe.

3
He paused before the entrance of Cabin Twenty-four,
Then stealthily he slipped inside and softly closed the door.
Her eyes grew big with wonder, and Kitty murmured, "Oh,
Who is the Captain calling on? I've simply got to know!"

4
Quickly she hurried to the deck, un-
heeding people's stares;
She scrambled up and stood upon the
arms of two deck chairs.
And through the porthole she could
see the Captain's handsome face
Bent down to kiss a lady whom he
held in his embrace!

5
"O-ooh!" breathed Kitty, rapturously, and then the chairs went wrong!
Two Deck Stewards picked her up and said, "Now, where do you belong?"
They took her back, her hat was lost, her face was scratched and bruised—
Some of the party giggled, but Miss Vane was not amused!

(Continued Next Sunday)

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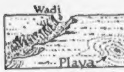
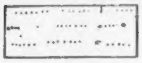
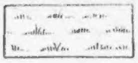
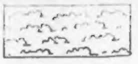


Desert of Gravel.


Sand and Gravel Plain.


Grassland.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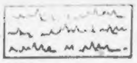
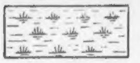
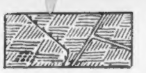
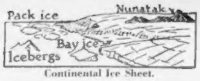

Needle Forest.

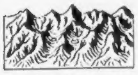

Swamps.

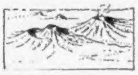

Cultivated Land.

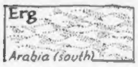


Continental Ice Sheet.

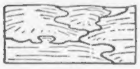
To Make Maps Pictorial and Interesting

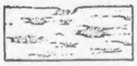

Glaciated Mountains.

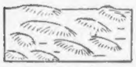

Volcanoes.

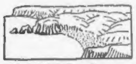


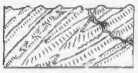
Sand Dunes.


Peneplane.


Limestone Region.


Drumlin Region.


Cliffed Shoreline.


Folded Mountains.

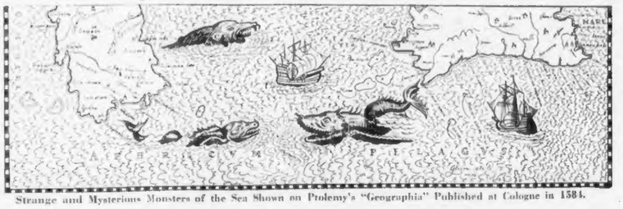
A MAP is a dull thing, and the ragged coast line, the zigzag rivers and the little "hen tracks" which indicate mountain ranges are about all the eye is able to note and impress as a picture on the brain. But there is no reason why a map should not be illustrated and be made to reveal the scenery of the country like an aeroplane picture taken from the sky.

Professor Erwin J. Raisz, of Columbia University, points this out in a recent number of the Geographical Review, published by the American Geographical Society of New York. The science of map making is called cartography, and Professor Raisz, who is an expert in this field, remarks that the time has come to agree upon some method of pictorial map making which will result in the depiction of the scenery of large areas on small-scale maps.

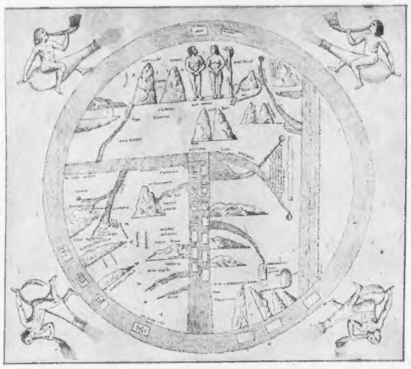
Professor Raisz has decided that there are about forty different kinds of scenery on the face of the earth and that each one of these can be shown by an agreed-upon picture. If it is flat, sand or gravel, the map should have little dotted lines; if a range of hills, he suggests a pictorial plan to indicate it; if high mountain peaks, he has a different picture to record them; if volcanoes, he would make what anybody would recognize as a volcanic peak.

And so on, through the entire list of forty different physiographic symbols which he has carefully worked out and presents in his article. Some of these are reproduced on this page. Of course, all map makers the world over would have to agree on the forty pictorial symbols, and thus a Turkish child or a Russian Bolshevik student could read an American map as easily as the members of a New York geography class.

Curiously enough, the ancient cartographers, or map makers, had the pictorial idea, and they amused themselves by putting in strange animals and extraordinary monsters of the sea in the vacant places on their maps and charts.



Strange and Mysterious Monsters of the Sea Shown on Ptolemy's "Geographia" Published at Cologne in 1584.


Curious Twelfth Century Map of the World, Showing Adam and Eve, the Serpent, Various Mountains and Rivers, With the Vast and Mysterious Ocean Circling the Land and the "Four Winds," and How They Were Operated.

One of the oldest maps in the world, which is in the library in Turin, Italy, is reproduced on this page, and the faithful cartographer of the period gives Adam and Eve and the serpent a prominent position, charts a remarkable river and, conforming to the belief at that time, surrounds the earth with the great and mysterious ocean.

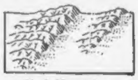
Mathematically minded cartographers probably will find much to criticize in the pictorial maps championed by the Columbia scientist. They will point out the advantages of the so-called "vertical" map, in which a country or a region is presented flat and in an up-and-down position before the eyes. On such maps an area is accurately shown as to shape, outline and the location of cities, rivers, lakes, etc. Pictorial maps will seem to persons who prefer "vertical maps" to be a readoption of the methods used by primitive mapmakers.

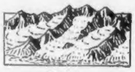
"The physiographic map," says Professor Raisz, "is, however, based on sound scientific principles, just as are some of the contour maps now in rather general use. Its underlying principle is physiography—the physical features of the country being depicted instead of mathematics. By regarding such a map as a 'vertical' map, the distances between cities, the length of rivers, and the size of lakes can be shown with as much accuracy as on any map drawn in the usual way."

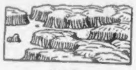
Physiographic maps are not, as might be supposed, intended to show a bird's-eye view of a region. The pictorial devices used to represent plains, mountains, sand dunes, etc., are merely symbols of the type of country shown.

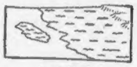
Pictorial maps already have been made of the United States and Europe, and maps of Asia, New Zealand and Cuba are now being drawn. So far no such interesting and informative maps of Central America, South America and Africa have been done, but it is expected that cartographers will soon begin work on the projects.

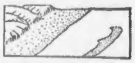
Several prominent educators are said to be keenly interested in the Columbia professor's plan for making maps tell at a glance just what the physical characteristics of a region are, and it is not unlikely that some school geographies published in the near future will contain modern picture maps.

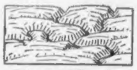

Block Mountains.

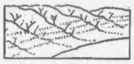

Glaciers.

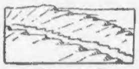

Fiords.


Coral Reefs.

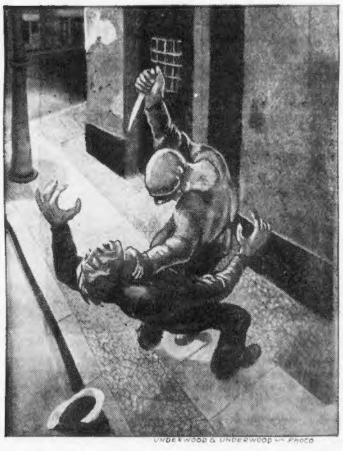

Sand and Gravel Shore Land.


Rejuvenated Peneplane.


Elevated Shorelines.


Ceusta Land.

Weird German Art Condemns War and Crime



Striking Painting by Forster, the German Artist, Depicting "Murder" by an Underworld Thug.

A GERMAN artist named Forster, without delivering a single lecture or writing so much as a pamphlet, suddenly has become his country's most effective crusader against war and thuggery.

Forster believes, with the Japanese, that a good picture is worth a million words, and he is conducting his campaign against violence on the battlefield and in the alley-way entirely with his brush.

Two of the most effective of the German painter's arguments against brutality are shown on this page. The picture at the left is a reproduction of his canvas called "Murder." It shows, with striking realism, the killing of a peaceful citizen who has been waylaid by a member of the underworld. The killer is grasping his victim by the throat and is about to plunge the blade of a dagger into the fear-stricken man's body.

This is but one of a series of paintings which tell the dramatic story of Berlin's alarmingly active underworld. Other canvases depict burglary, kidnaping and arson.

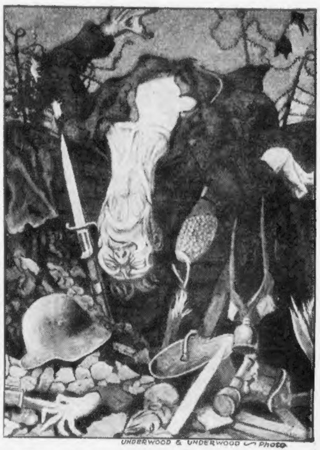
After an exhibition of the pictures at a Berlin art gallery, public indignation against the depredations of thugs took the form of a demand on the police for a city-wide clean-up of the hang-outs of criminals and for augmented police patrols in sections of the city where burglars and "stick-up" men are most active.

Forster's artistic tirade against war is not, of course, meeting with such widespread acclaim as his campaign against crime and criminals, because there are certain people in Germany, as in many other countries, who still believe in armed strife. The champions of war are accusing the artist of preaching pacifism by showing only the horrors of battle. Some of his more outspoken critics charge him with undermining national pride, which, in time of emergency, must express itself in aggressive militarism.

The artist knows, however, that the bulk of his countrymen have had their fill of war and that they are behind him in his interesting attempt to make war unpopular.

The most striking of his anti-war paintings is shown at the right. He calls it "Dead Soldier." Every German who saw service at the front during the World War has seen such a sight many times and knows that the artist is not exaggerating the horrors of war for the individual soldier.

Most of Forter's pictorial arguments against war are of this order, but some of them show, in just as graphic a manner, the sufferings of the people supporting the fighters far behind the battle lines.



"Dead Soldier" Another Forster Picture in the Berlin Exhibition, Interpreting the Tragedy of War.

Europe's Most Beautiful Model?

THE beauty-worshiping populace of Europe is forever conferring honors and prizes on young women for having the most beautiful hands, the most beautiful eyes, or the most beautiful feet. Contests recently have been held to acclaim the comeliest red-head, the most alluring curly head and the most seductive cupid-bow lips.

Most of these titles, however, are open to question and of local or national status. It is seldom that Austrians will admit that an English girl is entitled to the distinction of being more beautiful in any detail than some young woman within their own borders, or that Frenchmen will accept an all-European beauty award conferred on some Spanish Senorita.

It would seem, however, that Mlle. Sandrini, a Parisian girl of Italian origin, has at last won an all-European beauty title which may go unquestioned, at least for a little while. She recently was acclaimed as Europe's most beautiful model by a group of well-known artists and sculptors representing not only France and Italy, but England as well.

All the artists for whom she poses agree that she is the modern ideal of femininity. She is neither too fat, nor too thin. Her symmetrical and beautifully lithe and rounded body is matched by unusual beauty of face. In short, she seems to be a perfect ensemble of anatomical details.

If the sculptor wants a model for a life-sized statue, Mlle. Sandrini meets all his exacting requirements. If an artist wants to paint a pair of graceful hands, he can find them on the French-Italian girl. If a photographer is seeking a model with a pair of extraordinarily beautiful eyes he knows that he can find them in the shapely head of Mlle. Sandrini. To use a modern American expression, this young woman seems to "have everything."

"Europe's most beautiful model" has her engagement book full for the next year. It is seldom that she spends less than eight hours a day posing and sometimes, when the demand for her services is especially pressing, she puts in 12-hour and 16-hour days. For sitting still she receives an income that many a lesser movie star would envy.

Mlle. Sandrini, the Paris Model, Whom French, English and Italian Painters, Sculptors and Beauty Experts Have Called the Most Beautiful Model in Europe.

Science Explains "Ghost Music"

SUPERSTITIOUS people in various parts of the world believe that certain sounds heard on the desert, in the mountains and on wind-swept stretches of the seashore are supernatural music played by the ghosts of human beings long since departed from earthly existence.

The newest of these superstitions has grown up about the big bridge being built across the harbor at Sydney, Australia. Every now and then the girders and cables of this immense structure break out in a strange, minor wailing which sounds something like the playing of a thousand invisible violins.

People who live near the bridge and many workmen still laboring on the masterpiece of engineering believe this "ghost music" has its orgin in the spirits of several men who lost their lives in the construction of the bridge.

An Australian scientist who has no use for stories of the supernatural recently finished an analysis of the mysterious sounds which sometimes come from the bridge. He learned that the structure makes its "music" only on days when there is considerable variation in temperature and that this rising and falling temperature causes a slight expansion and contraction in the joints of the huge steel trusses. This lengthening and shortening of certain of the parts of the bridge sets up a vibration which is the "ghostly" melody.

Other scientists recently have exploded the mystery of the so-called "singing sands of Arabia" believed by the Bedouins to be the wailings of natives and travelers who died of thirst in the desert. With the irrefutable evidence of thermometers, wind-measuring instruments and machines for recording sound, the scientists were able to show that the "singing" of the sand is a perfectly natural phenomenon caused partly by the changing temperature of the granules of sand and the wind blowing over the surface of the sand.

Natives of England long have invested the "singing sands" on the shore of Carnarvonshire with ghostly significance, but the old myths are being abandoned now that hard-headed scientists have laid the ghosts of the Sydney Harbor bridge and the wind-swept desert places of Arabia.

"Fatal Beauty" A Tragic Reality to These "Follies Girls"

The Mysterious Yacht Explosion That Cost the Life of Helen Walsh, the Latest of a Series of Strange Fatalities Which Have Resulted in Death and Serious Injury to Members of the World Famous Collection of Beauties

Harriet Hoctor Was Clever Enough to Turn Misfortune Into Good Fortune. When She Fractured a Knee, She Bound Her Leg Stiffly and Invented a New Style of Dancing, Which Increased Her Popularity.

Virginia Biddle, Who Was Also Severely Burned in the Yacht Explosion Which Cost Miss Walsh's Life.

Helen Walsh, "Follies" Beauty, Who Lost Her Life Recently When an Explosion Ended a Gay Yachting Party in Long Island Sound. Burned Over All Her Body, Her Beauty Gone If She Survived, Death Was Merciful.

LORD BYRON'S phrase, "the fatal gift of beauty," was often quoted in the romantic nineteenth century by sentimental novelists and poets. But recently it became something of a joke, and "her fatal beauty" was an expression facetiously pinned on every woman who got into the public eye.

But "fatal beauty" has become a tragic reality to the real beauties of the "Ziegfeld Follies." A long series of fatalities culminating in the recent death by burning of Helen Walsh has convinced the members of the "Follies" that Byron knew what he was writing about.

Beauty-destroying accidents, fatal illnesses and suicides have taken a striking toll of them. Perfect faces and figures have indeed proven a fatal gift.

Saddest and most recent of all was the painful end of Helen Walsh. Called one of the most beautiful girls on Broadway, she shunned the bright lights and late places, and lived at home with her mother. One Saturday night after the show she accompanied other members of the cast in a party on a new yacht just purchased by Harry Richman, star of the Follies.

After refueling, there was a sudden explosion on the yacht, and Miss Walsh was buried under blazing wreckage. Her clothing caught fire, and to save her Richman and others threw her into the water, jumping in after her to prevent her from drowning. On the way to the hospital she exclaimed over and and over, "My face is my living. I hope it isn't burned."

But it was; also her chest, arms and legs and nearly all her luxuriant brown hair was singed off. She endured twenty-four hours of excruciating pain, then death was merciful.

Two other "Follies" beauties were aboard the yacht, Virginia Biddle and Gladys Glad. Miss Glad escaped with nothing more than a shock, but Miss Biddle spent many weeks in the hospital. It was feared the burns would mar her beauty for life.

Another famous "Follies" girl who perished by fire was Martha Mansfield, a Texas girl. On a vacation in San Antonio, Miss Mansfield lit a cigarette while sitting in her automobile. Someway gasoline fumes ignited, settin fire to her dress. Before help could arrive she was fatally burned.

Burns would seem to be particularly fatal to the beauties of the "Follies." There was Myrna Darby, over whom experts used to argue whether she was the first, second or third most beautiful girl of the stage. At the age of 21 she died of a mysterious ailment brought on by severe sunburn.

When sun-tan became fashionable, Myrna decided to acquire a coating. Donning a scanty bathing suit, she lay on the beach all day. Her tender, white skin, used to no stronger light than a stage lamp, absorbed the rays of the sun as a dry sponge absorbs water. She awoke in agony the next day and was promptly sent to a hospital. There she lingered for weeks.

Three other "Follies" girls have found it too tiresome to live and have taken the suicide way out. Allyn King killed herself at the height of her fame—a victim of the reducing craze. Bobby Storey ended her life when alcohol wrecked her career, and Peggy Davis simply because she was tired of luxury, gayety, riches—everything a woman craves. Of the three suicides, hers is the hardest to understand.

"The Girl Who Had Everything" and Ended Her Life. Peggy Davis, Rich, Adored and Beautiful, Tired of It All and Plunged Her Car Over a Cliff.

Peggy left the "Follies" to marry David E. Townsend, who had retired after making millions. They went to live in a villa on the French Riviera. Peggy's beauty and gayety made her a favorite. A charming baby daughter added to their happiness. Life was one round of pleasure for Peggy. She had everything a woman could wish.

One night during Carnival Week on the Riviera, she went out with her husband to dine and dance with friends. She was apparently in fine spirits, sipping champagne and joining in the singing of the Carnival songs. Mr. Townsend had to leave the party early. He kissed his wife good-night and left her with their friends.

Toward midnight, Peggy started to drive home alone. At the terrace of the Hotel du Golfe, she stopped her car, sat down at a table and drank two brandies. She called for pen and ink and wrote a brief note, which she addressed to her husband and put in her handbag.

Then she jumped into her car and started home. On the way was a sharp curve around a steep precipice. Instead of taking the turn, Peggy drove straight over the cliff. Her body was found at the bottom, a drop of 450 feet. In her handbag was found the note to her husband, which left no doubt of her intention to take her own life. The note read: "David, please take care of mother and baby and pay Wally 4,000 francs. I'm tired of life. It's finished."

Neither Mr. Townsend nor anyone else has been able to tell why the "girl who had everything" should have been tired of life.

Bobby Storey, too, was tired of life, not because she had everything, but because she had lost everything. She was a statuesque beauty, who began her career as a London barmaid. When she won a beauty contest, she was offered a place in "Charlot's Revue." At first she refused. "As long as I'm a barmaid I'll be happy," she said. "But if I go on the stage it will kill me. Somehow I know this."

But she did go on the stage, and came over to America with "Charlot's Revue" in the same company with Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan, three who were destined to win fame and fortune on Broadway. But for Bobby, Broadway was to mean only disgrace and death.

Myrna Darby, the Beauty Whose Yearning for a Quick Coat of Tan Killed Her.

She was with the "Follies." After the "Follies" she went with the "Vanities." And all the time the girl who as a barmaid had drunk hardly at all was drinking steadily. She finally found it impossible to hold a job, then impossible to get one. In the land of prohibition she found it impossible not to drink. She could not do without liquor.

Bobby Storey was found one morning lying across the bed in the luxurious apartment of F. Raymond Holland, landscape architect of New York City. She was wearing a flimsy black negligee, sheer silk stockings and bedroom mules. On the floor beside her was a half-empty bottle of Scotch and a purse with a single nickel in it. The room was filled with gas which was escaping from a set of artificial logs in the fireplace.

Just two months later, Allyn King, $500-a-week featured singer in the "Follies," jumped from a window five floors to her death. She had lost the battle against increasing weight and life held no further joy for her.

It began a few years before when, just as she was about to go on the stage, she felt a man's hand on her arm. She turned quickly to see who was "getting gay," but it was an undermanager, and there was no playfulness in his eye, only concern.

"Allyn," he said, "I really believe you're getting to put on weight. Get it in time. More women are pushed off the stage by flesh than anything else. They dig their graves with their knives and forks. You'd better get busy."

Allyn began to diet. She denied her body food, drink, sleep. All were fattening. She tried the advice of friends and the aid of beauty specialists. Her body cried for nourishment and still she denied it. Finally, she had a "nervous breakdown." Her health was permanently broken and she killed herself.

Harriet Hoctor, premiere danseuse, enjoys the distinction of being one "Follies" girl who turned threatened disaster to her advantage. On the day before the opening of the "Three Musketeers," she slipped and fractured her knee. A premier danseuse with a broken knee would seem hopelessly down and out. But not Miss Hoctor. She bound up the knee so tightly her leg was held stiff and in that way went on with her dance. The one-legged dance scored such a hit that the management insisted on her continuing it after the knee had healed.

Not so fortunate were Virginia Howard and Helene Jesmer. Virginia, on a vacation at her Tulsa, Oklahoma, home, was thrown from a horse. After a week in bed she returned to New York for the "Follies" rehearsals. But she collapsed on the stage, was taken to a hospital, where it was found she had sustained internal injuries, and it was many weeks before she could rejoin the show.

Still more unfortunate was Helene Jasmer, one of the outstanding "Follies" beauties of a few years back. After a gay party, she went on an auto ride with Phil Plant, the "Broadway playboy," son of a shipping magnate. Young Plant ran the car into a tree and Miss Jesmer's head was driven through the windshield. The best surgeons money could employ succeeded in saving her life and restoring her health, but her delicate beauty was destroyed forever.

Bobby Storey, Statuesque Beauty Contest Winner, Who Turned on the Gas When She Had Lost Everything.

The bad luck which has pursued the "Follies" beauties seems to have started as far back as 1920 with the mysterious death in Paris of Olive Thomas, lovely wife of Jack Pickford, Mary's brother. On a holiday trip to the French capital, the young couple were taking in the sights. Returning one night to their hotel, Olive was suddenly stricken and died soon afterwards. It was explained that she had taken a fatal draught of poison by mistake.

Disease Germs On Golf Club Handles

WHEN the officials of the Chicago Department of Health found that hundreds of citizens were suffering from a growing epidemic of "ringworm," a fungus infection that usually appears on the hands and feet, they began to do some careful medical detective work.

They knew from previous experience that golfers are more than ordinarily subject to "ringworm" on the hands. Most of the cases reported showed that the victims of the disease were suffering from infection on their hands, so the many miniature golf courses scattered about the city immediately fell under suspicion.

Dr. Cleveland J. White, a member of the consulting staff of the Department of Health, was assigned to the job of finding the causes of the epidemic. One of his first moves was to collect clubs from several miniature golf courses.

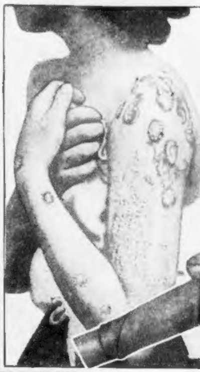
Several weeks later, a bulletin was issued by the Chicago School of Sanitary Instruction and edited by Dr. Arnold H. Kreger, commissioner of health. It contained a frank indictment against the golf club as a carrier of the dreaded ringworm fungi.

"It was discovered," said the bulletin, "that an ordinary leather-covered club handle used at a miniature golf course accumulated a layer of germ-laden material—the result of perspiration plus dirt, plus germs from the diseased skin of individuals who had used the clubs.

"Four ordinary leather-covered putters were collected at a miniature golf course and were wrapped in clean heavy paper while in transit to the laboratory. They were not touched by anyone save the dermatologist, and then only the wooden portion of the handle. Scrapings from the handles were made."

Photo by Ewing Galloway-N.Y.

Children as Well as Grownups Are Exposed to Infection by the Ringworm Germ, Chicago Health Authorities Have Found, Through Handling Golf Clubs, From the Leather Handles of Which Scientists Have Isolated the Organisms.


Ringworm Is a Mold or Fungus Disease and Causes Painful Skin Eruptions.

Leather Handles of Putters Taken From a Number of Miniature Golf Courses Yielded Thousands of Germs in the Chicago Tests, According to the Health Department Investigators Tracing the Epidemic of Fungus Infection.

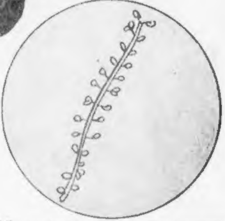
The bulletin goes on to explain in rather technical language that these scrapings were put in a solution in which fungi that attach themselves to human skin rapidly develop. The mixtures of scrapings and solution were put in 20 test tubes. Fungi, recognized as the cause of two types of "ringworm" grew in eleven tubes. Only one tube did not contain "ringworm" germs. Every one of the four clubs was infected.

"This is the first instance," the bulletin read, "in which fungi have been reported from such a source and one of the the very few instances where a possible source of such 'ringworm' infection apparently has been definitely proven."

The golf courses where thousands of people amuse themselves playing an abbreviated form of the popular game are not, of course, the only places where the disease which, in some cases, is difficult to cure, is picked up.

Public swimming pools where many people walk about barefoot have been centers of "ringworm" epidemics in the past and still are considered among the likeliest of places to contract the unpleasant and unsightly malady. The bulletin recently issued by the Chicago Department of Health says that "the floors of swimming pools, bath houses and gymnasiums have been found to offer a means for the dissemination of 'ringworm' of the feet."

Several epidemics of "ringworm" were, in the past, blamed upon germ-laden leather straps in street-cars and several large cities passed ordinances forbidding the use of such equipment in public conveyances. The straps were replaced by washable metal "hangers" which, though not immune to germs, were not nearly so unsanitary as the old leather strap.


Drawing From a Microscopic Photograph of the Ringworm Germ.

Salves and lotions containing mercury usually are employed in the treatment of "ringworm" and these are effective if the disease has not reached an advanced stage. One modern method of fighting the fungi that feeds on the human skin is to expose the circle-like sores of the malady to X-rays of the proper intensity.

Russia to Glorify the Ballet Again

IT may be that the Soviet leaders, some of whom admit that the widely advertised five-year-plan of industrializing Russia is not progressing as well as they predicted, are beginning to believe in the truth of the adage: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Anyway, Stalin himself, looked upon by some of his countrymen as a relentless slave driver willing to sasrifice the individual to an economic ideal, is seriously considering restoring the ballet to something of the glorified position it held in Russian life in the days of the Muscovite czars.

A few weeks ago Stalin and a group of Soviet commissars gathered in one of the great halls of the Kremlin to watch what might be called a command performance of Mlle. Karin and her company of ballet dancers. The dancers staged several ballets danced to music written by Soviet composers. The Soviet chiefs were well pleased with the performance.

No definite news was given out from headquarters, but it is understood that Mlle. Karin was commissioned to train several groups of ballet dancers who will appear in operatic performances soon to be presented to the public in Leningrad and Moscow.

It seems apparent that the Soviet leaders are convinced that the hoped-for success of the five-year-plan will not be handicapped by the introduction into the Russian scene of some esthetic entertainment.

In the early days of the communist regime the opera and the ballet were given little consideration because it was felt that such divertissements were unessential to the progress of a nation faced by the stupendous task of building a new order out of chaos. Just because the Muscovite nobles sponsored ballets was no reason why the custom should be continued. In fact, it was an argument against that form of dancing.

This point of view seems to be changed, however, and the communist masses of the new Russia may soon be flocking to ballets quite as elaborate as any the country knew in the time of the Romanoffs.

During the revolution and in the years following the establishment of the Soviet rule the heads of the government seemed definitely opposed to any activity which might be called esthetic. The reading of books and attendance at plays was discouraged. The opera and the ballet were more or less forgotten in the confusion of building a communistic nation on the wreckage of what was once the world's most absolute monarchy.

© Studio Keystone Paris

Mlle. Karin, the Russian Dancer, Who Has Been Commissioned by the Soviet Government to Revive Interest in the Ballet, Which Was Glorified During the Days of the Russian Czars.

Umbrella Parachuting New Sport

ONE MIAMI youngster with a Darius Green (he of the flying machine) complex recently conceived the idea of combining the pleasure of swimming and of parachuting. He borrowed his father's best umbrella, climbed to the top of a swimming pool diving platform, opened the rain-shedder and "took off."

His friends could not say that the spread of cloth retarded the speed of the experimenter's descent to the water. But the idea appealed to them and they arrived at the pool next day with many "parachutes" looted from the umbrella stands of their homes.

Some of the lighter swimmers say that they get some of the thrills of parachute jumping when they leap from the top of the twenty-foot tower clutching the handle of a good-sized umbrella. There is a slight "pull" on the under side of the umbrella which seems to prolong the trip to the water.

The number of "parachutes" sacrificed to science during the experiments at the pool is great, and the owners of the 'chutes are trying to discourage the pioneers from further tests, which they believe can do little, if anything, for the advancement of aviation.

Herbert Photo.

Miami, Florida, Youngsters Enjoying the New Sport of Parachute Jumping With Umbrellas.

Posed as Boy to Attend "Stag" Banquet

AMONG those present at the annual "Gridiron Banquet" staged by and for the men students of the University of Arkansas, was one "Jim Smith," a good-looking young fellow supposedly from Missouri University.

"Jim" didn't miss a detail of the traditional stag party, during which he sat next to the husky captain of the varsity football team. After the party he apparently departed for his own campus.

The males of the University of Arkansas were thrown into consternation next day when they discovered that "Jim Smith" was Mabel Claire Gold, a co-ed student of the university, who had her hair cut short and completed her disguise with a perfectly fitting suit of masculine clothes.

Mabel turned out to be what the victims of her impersonation called "a prince of good fellows," however, for she refused to discuss the details of the party beyond the simple statement: "To say that I was thrilled would be putting it tamely."

Intl. Photos

—Above—
Miss Mabel Claire Gold, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, Before Putting on Her Disguise.
—On the Left—
Miss Gold Disguised as a Youth for the Purpose of "Crashing" the Boy Students' Banquet.

China Bans "Alice in Wonderland"

THOUSANDS of American youngsters have read, and still are reading, the amazing adventures of Alice, who walked through a looking glass into Wonderland and there hobnobbed with her amiable animal friends, the White Rabbit, the mad March Hare and the Mock Turtle. The parents of these youngsters regard the book about Alice's impossible experiences as the best and safest of stories for juvenile minds.

In the Province of Hunan, in China, however, Alice has been officially banned as a dangerous character. The slant-eyed boys and girls of that quarter of the world have been forbidden to read about Alice and the animals with which she held such long and interesting conversations.

General Ho Chien, virtual dictator of the Province of Hunan, recently ordered the banishment of Alice and her menagerie after reading a Chinese translation of the famous classic.

"Bears, lions and other beasts," decreed the general, "cannot use human language and to attribute to them such a power is an insult to the human race. The reading of this book might teach Chinese children to regard human beings and animals on the same level and this would be disastrous. The book must not be sold or read in this province."

When the general kicked Alice and her fictional playmates out of his province, the book seemed destined to become a juvenile best seller. Several hundred copies were gathered and destroyed, but there are other copies unaccounted for, and it is rumored that Alice is a secret visitor to many a Chinese home and that she and her talkative animal companions are being bootlegged around by young and appreciative hands.

The University of Chicago's "New Plan"

President Hutchins, Discouraged With Educational Methods Which Have Changed Little in 200 Years, Reorganizes the College System and Hopes to Graduate Some Intellectual Giants

Favorite Sport.
"I wish I went to a barber college."
"Why?"
"Then I could cut all my classes."
From the "California Pelican," University of California.

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago.

Group of Freshman Girls on a Tour of the University of Chicago Quadrangles, Under Guidance of Miss Jean Searcy (in Cap and Gown), Senior Aide.

A Dirty Dig.
"Is he a nice boy?"
"No, he's collegiate, but I think you'll like him."
From the "Oregon Orange Owl," Oregon State Agricultural College.

IN almost every important field of human endeavor tremendous progress has been made except in education—the methods of schools and colleges have changed little in 200 years. It has been pointed out that the brightest minds are attracted to law, medicine, business, and that teachers and college professors are poorly paid and often are not worth any more than they get. If a teacher in one of the universities shows originality or special ability he is usually offered more money in the business world.

But now the youngest college president in the United States, President Robert M. Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, has astonished the educational world with a new idea. He remarks that college professors themselves have admitted often and publicly that even they themselves do not know what "a college education" is—and whatever it should be, the American college student certainly is not getting it.

President Hutchins believes he knows what the trouble is, and he will sweep out of the classic halls of the University of Chicago the clutter of antiquated educational machinery. He will shift the responsibility for education from the college to the student; he will try to make the collegiate think for himself, as he must do after he leaves college.

When the next freshman class enters the University of Chicago in October, the deans will tell their students:

"Your education is up to you. Go as far and as fast as you like. We have provided lecture courses, laboratories, libraries and residence halls. We shall give you all the advice and guidance you can stand. If you wish to take advantage of them, well and good. If you think you can do better by absenting yourself from class, studying at home or going fishing, that is your privilege. You may take our exmainations any quarter you feel that you are ready for them."

Though it is one of the strongest educational centers in the nation, the University of Chicago is only forty years old and its president is only thirty-two years old. Dr. Hutchins and his colleagues are convinced that American students—and particularly those at Chicago—are interested in their own education, and resemble not at all the collegians depicted in "talkies" and musical comedies. They are convinced that if young men and women are provided with all the materials of education and then "put on their own," they will work harder, learn to think for themselves, get more out of education, and have more fun doing it than ever before.

"Many people go to college with a real and even a remarkable excitement about scholarship," says President Hutchins. "Still more could be excited if they could believe that there was anything vital in what the scholar does. In far too many cases this present or potential excitement dies in the face of the peculiarities of the American university system."

One of these peculiarities, according to Dr. Hutchins, is the failure to distinguish between general education and specialized education.

"Most universities," he says, "have taught most courses from the freshman year on as though every student were preparing to devote his life to a study of that particular field, even though 90 per cent of them were clearly taking the course to fill our requirements for graduation, or because they wished to know a little something about the subject."

"Why so sad, Arabella?"
"Oh, I just heard a good recipe for home brew, and I haven't got a home."
From the "Texas Longhorn," University of Texas.

Under the new Chicago plan the university has not only abolished the two-hundred-year-old system of adding up class-marks, class-credits and class-hours to determine whether or not a student has completed his college education. It has also put a new definition on the word "college," and has abandoned the idea that four years spent within a college have any mystical relation to an education.

The University of Chicago now consists of four upper divisions in artis and sciences, six professional schools, and a college which is a separate entity providing a substratum for these higher levels. A genius entering the college might finish in three months. The average student will stay in the college two years. The dullard would probably not be attracted by the university's plan of education, even though it does hold out the greatest freedom from routine requirements.

The primary purpose of the college is general education—and since no one has ever before attempted to define the meaning of that term, the faculty of President Hutchins' reorganized college is now engaged in drawing up outlines of all important fields of knowledge, preparing lists of the books to be read, and analyzing teaching methods to guide the thinking processes of such students as will desire instruction.

The primary purpose of the upper divisions and the professional schools will be advanced training in particular fields, the college students passing on to these advanced levels if they decide that they want more than a general education and are able to pass the final examinations of the college.

No degrees have been abolished. The upper divisions and professional schools will grant them all. Indeed, part of the new plan's aim is that the college will help students decide what they want to do in life by showing them the whole picture before they enter into intensive specialized study. Students who find that they do not wish to go beyond a general education are given a dignified exit from the university in the form of a college certificate.

Here is how President Hutchins speaks of his reorganized college plan:

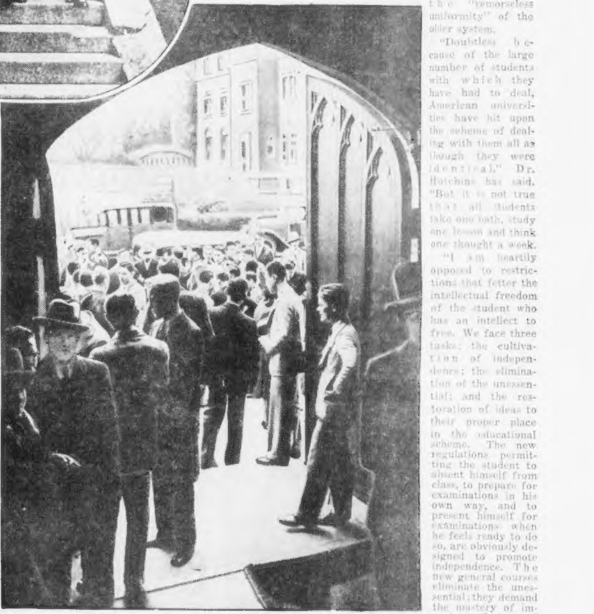
"The college is a place for the exploration of the realms of knowledge. That means more than acquiring the ability to talk politely though vaguely on almost any topic. The purpose of college education is not to settle the minds of young men and women, to fill their minds with unnecessary information or righteous dogma; it is not to reform them, amuse them or give them social prestige. It is to unsettle their minds, widen their horizons and inflame their intellects. And by this series of mixed metaphors I mean to assert that the college exists to teach its students to think—to think straight if possible, but to think always for themselves."

Freeing the student from the monotonous, lock-step grind of daily requirements, and thereby driving home to him the realization that his education is what he himself makes it, is one way in which the university hopes to make the student think for himself. Another way is in the university's new method of testing whether or not the student is entitled to a college certificate. Students who go to classes will no doubt be given papers and quizzes to write. These will be used to keep the student informed of his progress. But only in marginal cases will they be considered when the Board of Examiners decides upon the student's fitness to go on into the university proper.

A Student and His Co-ed Friend in Front of Harper Library.

The real and only test will be his performance in a series of comprehensive examinations, measuring his general education, which the students may take at any time he and his advisers feel that he is ready for them. The words "grades, credits and hours" become meaningless.

The examination will be so framed as to be tests not so much of memorized information as of the ability "to think, to organize, to create." During the past year President Hutchins has been giving an experimental reading course on the classics of literature to a group of twenty freshmen. When it came time for the comprehensive examination this June one of the questions given the class was this: "Write a preface and table of contents for a book to be called 'Orthodoxy and Heresy from Augustine to Aquinas.'" Another was "Comment on the works of the Greek tragedians and Shakespeare's tragedies in the light of Aristotle's 'Ethics'." Professor E. Stringfellow Barr, of the University of Virginia, was called to examine the class orally. The students agreed that the examination was fair. The examiners agreed that the students performed remarkably well.



University of Chicago Freshmen Gathered at the Entrance of Mandel Hall for the First Day of Freshman Week.

Those are questions which make students think. And it is probable that they are typical of the questions in the future comprehensive examinations under the new plan. In many kind of questions the student will be permitted to use as many reference books as he chooses, and there will be no such thing as "cribbing," because original thinking cannot be cribbed.

Another new notion in the Chicago examinations is that the questions and problems will be prepared, not by the instructors who teach the courses, but by a separate Board of Examiners.

Every student entering the university will be offered outlines and reading lists of all the survey courses. He will also be offered sets of sample examinations, so that he will know clearly what is expected of him. Then he will be told that he may prepare himself for the examinations in his own way, and may take them as soon and as often as he chooses.

The university has divided all knowledge expected of collegians into four fields:

(1) The Humanities, including such subjects as philosophy, religion, art and literature.

(2) The Social Sciences, including subjects such as economics, sociology and political science.

(3) The Physical Sciences, including physics, chemistry and geology.

(4) The Biological Sciences, including zoology, botany and bacteriology.

In the college examinations each student will be expected to have an elementary knowledge of the basic information and the methods of thought and work in each of these four fields. In two of the four fields he will be expected to have more than elementary knowledge. And, finally, he will be expected to have a certain familiarity with mathematics and one foreign language and the ability to express himself clearly and accurately in English.

The student will not be allowed to wander homeless and alone. Courses covering every requirement of the examinations will be prepared and will be open to him, and he may attend them or not as his needs dictate. For those fields with which the student wishes merely to familiarize himself, he may attend the large courses taught by men picked for their ability as lecturers. For those fields in which he has a special interest, or a desire to prepare for advanced work, he may attend small informal classes where each penetrates into the subject as deeply and rapidly as he elects.

Such freedom from artificial incentives to study and from the old nose-to-the-grindstone requirements implies that the university must provide more personal advance and guidance than it ever has before. This it is prepared to do. Dr. George A. Works, lately president of the Connecticut Agricultural College, has been appointed to a new post, Dean of Students, and will head a group of deans and advisers whose duty will be to give the student as much advice as he can stand. To further this scheme the university has erected a series of model residence halls for a total of 400 men, each of which will be headed by a resident faculty member chosen for his friendliness and wide knowledge.

President Hutchins believes that the chief advantage of the new Chicago plan of education is its recognition of individual differences between students, in their interests, temperaments, intelligence and educational background, and the flexibility by which it encourages students to correct their own deficiencies, explore the possibilities of their own intellectual interests, and cut down the wasted time resulting from the "remorseless uniformity" of the older system.

"Doubtless because of the large number of students with which they have had to deal, American universities have hit upon the scheme of dealing with them all as though they were identical," Dr. Hutchins has said. "But it is not true that all students take one bath, study one lesson and think one thought a week.

"I am heartily opposed to restrictions that fetter the intellectual freedom of the student who has an intellect to free. We face three tasks: the cultivation of independence; the elimination of the unessential; and the restoration of ideas to their proper place in the educational scheme. The new regulations permitting the student to absent himself from class, to prepare for examinations in his own way, and to present himself for examinations when he feels ready to do so, are obviously designed to promote independence. The new general courses eliminate the unessential; they demand the mastery of important facts and important ideas in the general fields of learning. The general examinations should accomplish the same aims. Since the examinations will not be given by the instructors who have taught the various courses, the student will be compelled to study and think about the subject, instead of learning his teacher's words by heart. The important thing becomes his ability to handle the facts, and to effect new combinations of them.

"Although the plan is new in conception, it is not reckless or ill-considered. We have attempted to combine in one large scale venture the best thinking that has been done in other institutions and within our own quadrangles."

Admitting that the plan is an experiment, President Hutchins concedes that some of its details may change from year to year. Russia has a five-year plan of collectivism. The University of Chicago has a "five-year" plan which stresses individualism and the dignity of youth.

The faith President Hutchins has in the seriousmindedness of American college students is not altogether shared by all college executives. The happy-go-lucky college boy in the "movies" and musical comedies is exactly the same "stude" shown month after month in the college publications—the weeklies and monthlies edited by college boys themselves. It may turn out that the real seekers after education will flock to the University of Chicago and that President Hutchins will succeed in graduating some intellectual giants. There will still be plenty of room in the other colleges for the frivolous, merry or boisterous "studes" whose sayings and doings are constantly pictured in the student publications, some of which are reproduced on this page.

Beauty Shops and Dentists, as Well as Hospitals for Animals

A FEW years ago owners of dogs and cats were satisfied to give the pets an occasional bath with flea-killing soap and a weekly combing to keep their pelts free of snarls and extraneous material. Even persons of wealth who had pedigreed dogs did not bother themselves much with the details of the pets' toilettes so long as they were clean and healthy.

In almost every community there was one or more good veterinaries, and in the larger cities there were animal hospitals where dogs, cats, horses, and even birds, could be treated for injuries and disease.

Then came the era of the modern beauty parlor, which, fortunately, or unfortunately, for pets, began at about the time that the dog "broke into society," so to speak. Dowagers and matrons and debutantes found it quite "the smart thing" to carry their dogs around with them, a fashion which is still popular.

Such dogs could not, of course, have the manners, or the appearance, of ordinary "mutts." To be fit companions for milady they must be sanitary—and sightly. That's how it came about that special beauty parlors sprang up here and there to pander especially to the exacting requirements of patrician pets.

WIDE WORLD Photo

In Portland, Oregon, the Beauty Shop for Pedigreed Pets Does a Flourishing Business. This $1,500 Pup Is Getting a Trim.

Some of the first of these salons for dogs were opened in Los Angeles and Hollywood, because almost every one of the motion picture stars had one or more dogs, on which they were able and willing to spend a great deal of money.

One enterprising man opened a dog laundry in Los Angeles where, for a modest fee, he washed and dried dogs of high and low degree and delivered them to the homes of their owners. He soon found, however, that cleanliness was not the only thing that his customers demanded of their pets, so he added a real beauty shop to his laundry. Here his assistants manicure, marcelle and massage the pups, at prices commensurate with the difficulties of doing these things for customers that rebel against these ministrations.

New York City has many beauty salons operated exclusively for dogs. Some of these are even more elaborate and up-to-date than those on the West Coast. In one of the more prosperous of the Manhattan establishments, a dog can get anything from a simple wash to a permanent wave, topped off with a reducing treatment on a treadmill operated by an electric motor, and an artificial sun bath to speed up the loss of excess fat. The cost of such treatments is high, but there seems to be an increasing army of dog-lovers willing to pay whatever it costs to have their beloved poodles and "pekes" prettied up.

One enterprising dentist, Dr. Clyde A. Basehoar, of Washington, D. C., recently opened a dental office exclusively for dogs, and he is doing a flourishing business on the teeth of the Capital's pampered pups. He is not alone in his field, however, for there is a dental surgeon who spends half his time working on the teeth of the racing greyhounds and whippets in Florida.

Perhaps it is because they are the nearest approach to human beings that monkeys, chimpanzees and other domesticated simians require expert dental care. Hitherto, most of this work on animal teeth has been limited to zoo surgeries, but since monkeys and chimps have been popularized by the movies and even trained to serve as domestic menials, they have joined the host of pets, and in Miami, Florida, will be found one of the very first dental surgeries for pets of the monkey tribe. There are two others in California.

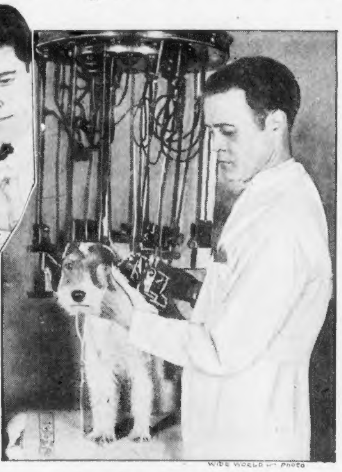
Few owners of dogs or cats take the time or trouble any more to clip them in warm weather. It is so easy nowadays to send them to an animal barbershop—an important and busy adjunct of the beauty parlor—and have them returned with their hair or fur trimmed and neatly combed and fluffed.

The pet barbers attribute their rather high fees to the extraordinary tasks of keeping the animals quiet and docile in the chairs, and also to the dangers they sometimes face, particularly in the case of monkeys, which can bite equally as well as dogs if they should happen to take a sudden dislike to the man with the shears.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO - PHOTO -

P. & A. Photo.

In Washington, D. C., Dr. Clyde A. Basehoar Specializes in Animal Dentistry.
——And Above——
Felix Is a Two-Year-Old Chimpanzee and Is a Regular Visitor to an Animal Barber Shop in Miami, Florida.


WIDE WORLD Photo

A Terrier Having a Permanent Wave Just Before a Dog Show in Portland, Oregon.

"Oscar," the Sea Lion, Like a Living Torpedo

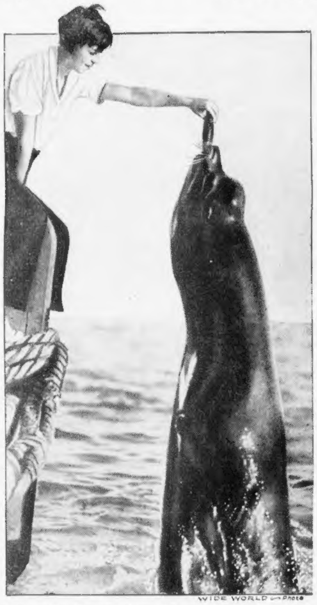
EVERYBODY who lives on Catalina Island, off the coast of California, knows "Oscar," a huge sea lion that pays an annual visit to the place, and depends on his army of admirers for many of his meals.

Undoubtedly "Oscar" is a member of some sea lion colony, and has the proper community spirit when he's with his sleek, bewhiskered fellows, but he takes frequent holidays to bark deep "hellos" to his many human friends, and to notify them that he's ready to amuse them and eat the fish which they keep on hand for his periodical visits.

There's no mistaking "Oscar." His bark has a distinctive baritone quality, and his great black body seems longer and larger than most of the sea lions that inhabit the waters about the island. There's something about the creature's swimming that makes him an individual, too, for he slides through the water with incredible speed, and enjoys performing an amusing repertoire of circles, leaps and dives to pay for free meals at the hands of his friends ashore.

Perhaps Oscar's best trick, however, is his ability to thrust his body high out of the water, as he is doing for the young woman in the photograph. At times he seems, literally, to be standing on his tail.

Like a dog that makes a round of friendly back doors for bones, Oscar appears most frequently, and stays longest, at the wharfs and docks where he gets the biggest and freshest fish.


WIDE WORLD Photo

"Oscar," the Huge Sea Lion, Being Fed at Catalina Island. He Swims With Such Speed That He Can Force More Than Half His Body Above the Water.

British Isles Select "The Perfect Figure"

ROSEMARY ANDREE, an obscure London shop girl, is finding it hard to believe that she is a celebrity whose picture has been published in English newspapers from one end of the British Isles to the other. She is enjoying her sudden popularity, however, and believes, with the judges who picked her from 2,000 entrants, that she has the most nearly "perfect figure" in the country.

Shapely actresses of the stage and screen, artists and models, and mannequins from the fashion salons, sought the prize won by the shop girl. But, one by one, they were eliminated until she stood alone, modestly delighted at her victory.

After the judges had pinned a gold medal on her one-piece bathing suit and presented her with a purse of $500, she hurried home to find her front door surrounded by newspapermen assigned to write the story of her life, representatives of two motion picture companies eager to get an option on her services in the films, and several advertising men ready to pay her handsomely to endorse various commodities.

Confused by all this attention, she rushed past them into the house, promising to receive them all in a day or two. "First of all," she said, "I want to get back to earth. Right now, I'm too happy to think straight."

WIDE WORLD Photo

Miss Rosemary Andree, Who Has Been Chosen as the Possessor of the Most Nearly Perfect Figure Within the Boundaries of the British Isles.

"Leaping Lena" Classes Keeping German Women Lean and Healthy

WHEN Frau Jutta Klamt, introduced the so-called "jumping jack" school of the dance in Germany a year or so ago, it was predicted that the grotesque and graceless leaping which she originated as a means of building vitality and health would go the way of many another Terpsichorean fad. In the first place, said the critics, this mode of dancing was too strenuous for anyone except athletes in the pink of condition and much too lacking in rhythm and beauty to become popular with women.

Today there are classes of "jumping jack" dancers all over Germany and many gymnasiums have made this seemingly silly mode of dancing a compulsory part of their athletic programs. A score of well-known physical directors recommend it as an exercise that tones up the entire body without exerting an undue strain on the heart or other internal organs.

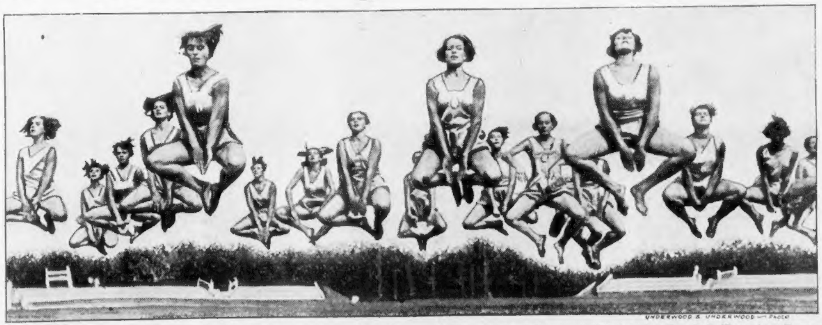
Disciples of the dance no longer call it the "jumping jack" dance, but "frog jumping." Those who look upon the exercise as absurd and unesthetic call those who perform it "Leaping Lenas."

The photograph on this page shows a "Leaping Lena" class of women on the grounds of a gymnasium at Hanover, Germany. Every day, for a period of half an hour, these women go through the vigorous and bizarre maneuvers of the dance which, they enthusiastically recommend as an effective way of keeping lean and healthy.

Simple as the leaps of the dancers seem to an onlooker, they are, in actual practice, rather difficult and require several weeks of practice before they can be properly performed.

The dance requires strong, flexible leg muscles and a strong abdomen and back. No one is permitted to take part in the "Leaping Lena" classes until he, or she, has taken a preliminary course of training to get these parts of the body in condition for the demands of the dance.

A skilful performer of the exercise can spring more than three feet off the ground and leap continuously for half an hour without becoming exhausted.


UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD Photo

Frog-jumping by the "Leaping Lena" Class of a Hanover, Germany, Gymnasium. This Type of Athletic Dancing Is Winning Much Popularity Throughout Europe.

How Motherly Mrs. Cholvin Put Her Husband "On the Spot"

"Now, Just Enjoy Yourself, John," Said Mrs. Cholvin. Her Husband Seated Himself, Peeped Inside One of the Mutton and Cheese Sandwiches, and Smiled With Appreciation for His Wife's Thoughtful Kindness; and Then, Mrs. Cholvin Being Safely Out of Range, the Staid Admirer Behind the Bush Raised the Shotgun and Fired and His Target Never Even Had a Chance to Take One Bite of That Sandwich—He Had Been Put Most Thoroughly "On the Spot."

Picked a Place He Would Like for a Picnic, Hid Her Church-Going Admirer Behind a Bush With a Shotgun, Handed the Unsuspecting Victim His Favorite Sandwiches —And the Results Were Everything the Most Experienced Gunman Could Have Wished

Where the Murder Picnic Was Held—At the Left Is the Bush Behind Which Chandler Hid With His Shotgun.

FEW playwrights would go so far in improbability as to ask audiences to believe that a nice, quiet, conservative, gray-haired wife of 45 years, but looking older, would have a secret admirer who looks like a church deacon and always went to church, and then, on top of that, ask them to believe that such a woman would "put her husband on the spot" so that her church-going lover could murder him.

This, however, is exactly what Mrs. Ziona Cholvin, who lived in a suburb of Dallas, Texas, has confessed that she did.

Mrs. Cholvin read the papers now and then and went to the movies infrequently. Her friends and neighbors thought the kind, motherly soul was rather behind the times, but loved her just the same.

However, motherly Mrs. Cholvin was more modern than anyone suspected. Her husband, she felt, was a nuisance and must be gotten rid of. She knew that there were only two ways of freeing herself from the encumbrance—by divorce or death. Divorce would cost money and delay, while murder, if done right, would be quick and economical.

As none of her family or friends had done anything in that line, and she had had no previous occasion to study the subject, Ziona did what most anyone would under such circumstances. She looked to the experts. Though she did not read much, Mrs. Cholvin was aware, from what she had read and seen, that gangsters are professional murderers, who make their living by killing people, and know more about how to do it unpunished than anyone else does. The movies had also instructed her upon this point.

She could not, however, call in a gangster in consultation, as one would a lawyer or doctor, because she did not know how to find a competent one, and he might charge an exorbitant fee—and she hadn't much money.

On thinking it over she decided that these expert removers of unwanted persons would not be needed. The latest and most approved method of gang murder was to "put the victim on the spot," for which a woman was the most useful bait. This meant, she knew, to lure the man to some convenient ambush, where the killer would be lurking with a gun to "bump him off." She had read, probably, about how the New York racketeer Rothstein's enemies had lured him to a rendezvous with death by having a woman confederate call him up on the phone and imitate the voice of his sweetheart, Inez Norton.

She could do the luring, her lover would do the killing, and she even had a shotgun. There would be no expense except a couple of cartridges and a little gasoline for the car.

That was all she thought she had to have or needed to know about the murder racket, and it was—almost. The plan she and her lover devised worked perfectly. The husband was removed from this world and all would have been well, with no suspicion attaching to such a motherly lady and her pillar-of-the-church friend except for just one thing which she could not possibly have foreseen—the existence of an inquisitive farmer who all his life had nursed a desire to be a detective and solve a murder.

Fate gave him just this one chance, and he made the most of it.

Mrs. Cholvin, before she married her first husband, was Miss Ziona Belt, daughter of Deputy Sheriff William Belt, and was brought up with due respect for the law. She married Cholvin, and until about a year ago lived happily and prosperously, though quietly, in the suburb of Lisbon. When he died a natural death last Summer his widow mourned him as a widow should, a man who had left her well provided for, including life insurance and a house of her own, with spacious grounds, in which she raised blooded chickens and pigs.

Not content with these activities, she took a job as saleswoman in a clothing store, because, as she smilingly explained, "Work keeps a body out of mischief."

Inez Norton, Sweetheart of the Gambler, Arnold Rothstein, Whose Voice Was Imitated on the Phone by a Woman Confederate of His Killers, and Who Was Thus Lured to His Death by a Stratagem Which Struck Mrs. Cholvin's Imagination and Which She Imitated With Her Own Husband.

But it didn't. It got her into it indirectly. A few months later, when she married John Sperro, of Oklahoma, everyone said that it was lonesomeness, and they wondered if the new husband would be able to fill the dearly beloved shoes of the late lamented. They were right in their doubts, because after a couple of weeks the bride put the new husband out of her house and announced that she wished to be called by her old name of Mrs. Cholvin. The reason she gave for ejecting Sperro, name and all, was that he was of a fiery, jealous disposition, sadly different from that of her first husband.

Sperro was heartbroken, remaining in town and striving to effect a reconciliation. He was continually telephoning, writing letters and pleading with her when they met on the street. This was a nuisance, but would not have been so bad if she had not fallen in love with Charles Chandler, an oil salesman, with three young children and a wife from whom he had been separated for some time. She had known Chandler for several years, but the flame of love had not been kindled until one day he walked into the store with his three children to be clothed. This was shortly before the ejection of Mr. Sperro.

The other clerks in the store often saw Chandler hanging around Mrs. Cholvin's counter, and the oil stock salesman's landlord asked his tenant not to have Mrs. Cholvin at his apartment so late at night, because it did not look right.

These things provoked little comment, however, in a woman supposedly old enough not to be foolish, and everyone supposed that she was taking a motherly interest in the Chandler children. If friends and neighbors failed to notice the affair with Chandler, it would be different with the jealous, evicted husband, who followed her around and would sooner or later hear something that would make him suspicious and then there would be trouble.

Mrs. Cholvin is one of those souls who, seeing trouble ahead, run out to meet it, and she met this one with a vengeance. Having decided on the simpler and more direct method of ridding herself of Sperro, it was only a question of how to "put him on the spot." Rarely has a murder been planned and carried out so quickly as this is said to have been done. The whole thing, from plot to execution and arrest, took only about twelve hours, the police say.

Mrs. Ziona Cholvin, Whose Neighbors Always Praised Her for Being So "Motherly," and Who Lived, Apparently, a Thoroughly Exemplary Life Until She Took a Leaf From Gangster Methods and Put Her Husband "On the Spot."

Around noon on the day of the murder, according to the confession, she placed her shotgun in the back of her car, drove to Chandler's apartment, picked him up and then went on into the country looking for the "spot." They examined one or two locations, but found them too near the road, or for other reasons they did not appeal to the pair as good places. Finally they came upon the old Gravel Slough, an abandoned gravel pit, about five miles from the city.

"Well," said motherly Mrs. Cholvin, "I'm sure John would like this. And there's a fine bush you can hide behind."

She further pointed out that nobody lived nearby to interfere. It is said that in her confession Mrs. Cholvin stated that they did not use the word "murder," nor even "killing," but spoke of what was to be done as "punishment" for Sperro's jealousy and other annoyances of his wife.

Leaving Chandler to hide with the shotgun behind the bush, Mrs. Cholvin drove back to town confident that there would be no difficulty in luring her husband into the death-trap. There wasn't. The unhappy man was only too delighted to consider any sort of proposition and go anywhere she pleased to talk it over. Ziona was bait enough, but to make sure she added an extra attraction to appeal to the inner man.

In their two weeks of living together she had discovered that he had a special weakness for a certain kind of sandwich, a layer of mutton cooked with garlic, and cheese, between two thick slices of rye bread. So his wife prepared several of these and with other picnic delicacies placed them in a basket in the rear of the car where the shotgun had been.

First she called Sperro on the telephone, gladdening his heart with the news that she wanted to talk things over. When she added the suggestion of a little picnic dinner for just two and that she had made some of his favorite sandwiches, he went into raptures.

Mrs. Cholvin picked him up on the street at an appointed time and suggested that Gravel Slough was a nice, intimate, private place. Sperro thought so, too. He would have gladly picnicked on the lip of a volcano with his Ziona. On the drive out the husband grew happier and happier. His wife was first reasonable, then friendly and finally began to show signs of affection.

Mrs. Cholvin peered anxiously around to make sure that nobody saw the car turn off the highway to the Slough and having parked it in a carefully selected place, invisible from the road, she and the delighted Sperro got out. At her orders, he set the basket down only a few yards from the thicket where Chandler should be waiting with his shotgun loaded and both hammers cocked. Napkins were unfolded and the little spread set out on the grass, including those delectable mutton-and-cheese sandwiches, but the doomed man never even got one bite.

"Now just enjoy yourself," said Mrs. Cholvin. "I'll be back in a minute."

With these words she stepped out of range of that thicket. John was "on the spot." He sat down, peeped inside one of the sandwiches, smiled with appreciation for his wife's thoughtful kindness—and then, bang! bang! Two blasts of flame and lead roared out of the thicket, making Mrs. Cholvin a widow again and putting her second husband beyond caring about sandwiches or anything else.

The autopsy showed that the lead had been plenty, but to make sure, the police say that Chandler also added a knife stab.

While Mrs. Cholvin thriftily gathered up the untouched food and put it away in the car, Chandler dragged the body to a clump of woods fifty feet away. However, the grass was so blood-soaked that they scraped it and the top soil into a little mound and burned newspapers on it. Just then a brief shower fell, and while it lasted the two stood under a tree, discussing the matter. Then they drove to Mrs. Cholvin's house, where Sperro had hoped to go.

Charles Chandler, Mrs. Cholvin's Elderly Admirer Who Probably Never In His Life Did Anything Very Wrong Until He Shot Mrs. Cholvin's Husband.

This was one of the thriftiest murders ever committed, according to the police, for the pair now sat down and with good appetites ate all that murder-picnic supper, including poor Sperro's sandwiches. There seemed little to worry about. Some day the body would be found, but who would suspect the motherly Mrs. Cholvin and Chandler, the church-pillar? But they had reckoned without Thornton Butcher, a farmer, who lived near the Slough.

Butcher, for the last ten years, had yearned to be a detective, shadowed strangers, but without detecting a sign of crime worse than a few petting parties. The habit was still on him when he saw a car containing two persons drive along the highway, and his ears told him that it had turned into the Slough. Dropping his work, he went slowly and stealthily over to investigate, but was only in time to see the car depart containing but one person. Mysterious, but then he had been fooled before and went home with little hope. Still he jotted down the license number of the car.

That evening, however, at chore time when he heard two shots from the Slough, he waited for the rain to stop and went over there. From the little pile of singed soil he saw indications that something had been dragged to the weed patch and knew it was a body before he saw it. A moment later he had telephoned the news and the car number to Sheriff Hal Wood, who investigated and at midnight, with a party of deputies, arrested Mrs. Cholvin and Chandler.

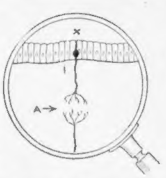
Trial of Mrs. Cholvin was immediate. The lawyer entered a plea of not guilty because of insanity, though no alienists were put on the stand to testify as to her craziness. Her counsel referred to her sentimentally as "but a little piece of driftwood on the troubled sea of life who could not weather the tempestuous storm of human emotions." But after some deliberation the jury concluded that the little piece of driftwood had better be removed from the sea before it could do any more damage, and brought in a verdict of guilty with a penalty of ten years' imprisonment. The respectable Mr. Chandler's trial followed, and by the time this article appears he will probably realize how insecure driftwood is to cling to on the "troubled sea of life."

Why the Christian Martyrs Could Bear Their Tortures

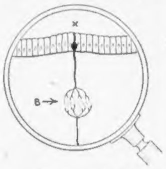
Science Explains the Remarkable Faculty of the Human Brain to Shut Out Sensations of Pain or Take Notice of Events When Dominated by Some Overwhelming Sensation

In the Days of Witchcraft the Body of the Suspect Was Carefully Gone Over With a Needle, and When "The Devil's Mark" (a Spot Without Much Sensation) Was Found, the Unfortunate Was Adjudged to Be a Witch. This Picture Is From the Painting by Van Hove, Called "The Test."

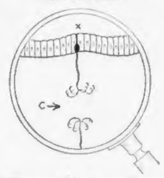
"The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," by Hans Memlinc, From Painting in the Royal Museum in Brussels. The Legend Recounts the Patient Endurance of St. Sebastian Without Evidence of Pain or Suffering While Arrows Were Shot Through Him.



Under the Microscope the Nerve From the Skin Is Seen to Be Not Continuous but Broken. This Break (A) Is Called a "Synapse" and the Loose Ends "Pseudopods."



When Sensations Are Carried From the Skin the Nerve Energy Jumps These Breaks From "Pseudopod" to "Pseudopod" (B), Much Like an Electric Spark Between Two Poles.



By Processes Not Entirely Understood by Science, These Little "Pseudopods" Sometimes Separate as Shown Here (C).

St. Lawrence Endured With Perfect Calmness the Torture of Being Burned Over Hot Coals.

FOR nearly two thousand years the world has remembered the sufferings of the Christian martyrs. St. Sebastian was shot through and through with arrows. St. Lawrence was roasted slowly on a metal grill over a fire, meanwhile laughing and joking with his persecutors. Other martyrs are reported to have been flayed alive, to have hung for days on crosses in Roman amphitheatres until they finally died, to have been burned slowly on similar crosses by setting a slow fire of wood or straw underneath their crucified feet.

Seldom does history record any outcry under these pains. Somehow or other these victims of fanatical persecution were enabled to endure pains which would apparently have driven the ordinary person instantly insane.

Often this fortitude of the martyrs under what were perhaps the most extreme sufferings ever inflicted on a group of civilized human beings is ascribed to some miraculous intervention so that the sense of pain was dulled. Modern science says that this would be unnecessary. Fortitude under pain may be attained, the modern psychologists and physiologists insist, by perfectly normal powers of the human mind drawn forth by the fervor of religious ecstasy, much as these same powers may be evoked under other circumstances and by other feelings, even by rage or fear.

Modern scientific studies of the pain senses not only provide reasonable explanations of the records of the martyrs, but promise something even more important to modern man. This is a possibility that ordinary people may attain in the same way mastery over pains like toothache and earache which are all but inevitable in life, even though far less severe than the pains of the martyrs.

In one sense, indeed, science insists that there is no such thing as pain; that all pains are imaginary and may be conquered, just as they are created, by an effort of the mind. One advocate of this startling view is the distinguished French psychologist, Dr. Henri Pieron, of the College de France. What Dr. Pieron means, however, as he explained to the International Congress of Psychology held two years ago in the United States, is that the unpleasant thing about pain, the part of it which is really "painful," happens in the brain, not in the part of the body that is injured or in the nerves running to and from this part of the body. A burnt finger will "hurt," Dr. Pieron insists, only if the brain takes notice of it. Otherwise the damage will be unfelt.

So, also, if the arrow wounds of St. Sebastian attracted no attention from the Saint's mind they would not hurt nor produce anything that could be called pain, although they would damage the structures of the body just as much and would cause death in the end. If the mind of St. Lawrence slowly roasting on the gridiron could keep intensely interested in something else the pain sensations from the burnt skin and flesh would not be felt in the least, although the damage would go on just the same and would be fatal.

Pain is designed by Nature, evolutionists agree, as a warning of injury and danger. If a wolf bit the foot of a sleeping cave man the pain made the man awake and drive away the wolf. During the long millions of years while men were evolving out of animals, this sense must have been enormously valuable in saving lives and preventing serious injury.

Instances of this kind of thing are seen occasionally, even today, in hospitals. There are some diseases in which one part of the body, for example a hand or a foot, becomes devoid of all feeling, even of pain. Not long ago an individual thus afflicted was brought into a New York hospital with his insensitive foot badly eaten by rats, which had gnawed the member while the man was asleep. Feeling no pain, he did not awake until he had been seriously injured.

Last year in Chicago another individual drank too much and fell into bed in a drunken stupor which made him temporarily insensitive to pain. The bed chanced to catch fire and an arm and leg were burned nearly off before the victim awoke, another example of the need of pain as a warning of damage and danger.

Nor is it necessary for disease or alcohol to be responsible for the painlessness. During the war, it is reported by Dr. Crile of Cleveland, a soldier had one leg shot off without appreciating for a short time that he had been wounded at all. Many examples were reported by war surgeons of lesser wounds not noticed by their victims until someone else called attention to the injury. In such instances, psychologists believe, the excitement and interest of the soldier in what is going on is so intense that the pain of the wound is not felt until the excitement lessens. As Dr. Pieron insists, the brain is so much interested in something else, the brain impulses from the injured part of the body never get noticed in the brain and no pain is felt.

It is not necessary that war be the thing which interests the brain and blocks the pain senses. Anything interesting or dangerous will do as well. One recorded instance is of a man who awakened to find himself in a burning building. With considerable difficulty and danger, he managed to climb down the side of a wall and escape. Standing watching the fire several minutes later, he began to feel a dull pain in his bare foot. Looking down, he saw a large nail sticking all the way through it. Evidently he had jumped or stepped on the nail while escaping. Ordinarily such an accident would have produced the most excruciating pain. As it was, the victim felt nothing until later, when he suddenly felt extreme pain and collapsed.

What happened, Dr. Pieron and other psychologists say, is that under the extreme excitement of escaping from the fire under threat of imminent death the mind of this individual was so occupied that a mere pain message from the injured foot could not get even an instant's attention. It was blocked out as firmly as is a poor relative when a business executive is "in conference." Later on, after the danger was over and the excitement began to decrease, the pain messages knocking at the door of the brain began to attract attention. Only then were they "felt," although the injured nerves in the foot had been crying out all the time for notice and aid.

A threat of death or injury from any source may work in this same way, it is probable, to prevent the noticing of pain by the brain. An Italian physician, Dr. Lorenzo Gualiano, published some months ago a study of the bodily and mental conditions of a number of soldiers condemned to death during the war for military offenses and whom it was Dr. Gualiano's duty to examine medically. One of the things that Dr. Gualiano noticed was that these persons in the shadow of certain death were insensitive to pain. He could introduce the needle of a hypodermic syringe without the condemned man even knowing that the injection had been made.

Often this insensitiveness of condemned or injured individuals to things around them is spoken of as a device of Nature to prevent unnecessary pain and agony, but that is probably untrue. Nature seldom shows any indication of a preference for preventing or relieving pain. The probable evolutionary reason why excitement and interest prevent pain is that this would be beneficial to a cave man or to an animal caught in danger and compelled to fight or flee.

The pain itself is interpreted by naturalists as Nature's universal warning signal. Once this warning has been given and attended to, however, there is no more reason to note the pain. Too much absorption in thinking of the pain may be, indeed, a serious disadvantage. It may interfere, for example, with the cave man's attention to the job of finding the wolf which has just bitten his foot or of running away successfully from the mammoth which has grazed him with a tusk. More pain, like that from another minor wound, ought not to be attended to. Instead it is better to ignore this and to concentrate attention on fighting or running.

Inheriting these ancestral traits, the man who was escaping from the burning house used all his brain in that task. There was none left over to think about the nail in his foot.

In most instances something like this probably explains the endurance of torturing pain by the old Christian martyrs, yet science knows it is possible for a nerve ending at the surface of the body to fail to send a proper pain report to the brain because of what the telephone engineer would call a break in the line.

When an anatomist traces under his microscope the course of a tiny nerve fiber that begins in the skin he finds that it is seldom continuous all the way from the skin to the brain. In almost every case the fiber from the skin runs to some other nerve cell in the spinal cord or in one of the little knots of nerve tissue called ganglia, which are scattered here and there over the body. Here the end of the nerve fiber makes contact with the other nerve cell by means of some tiny appendages called pseudopodia.

Under some conditions of the nervous system these pseudopodia cease to make good contact between the nerve cells. No messages can pass because the "line" is broken. It even is possible, some psychologists believe, for the mind itself to break these contacts by some kind of order to the nerve cells, so that this may be the way that the mind uses to prevent receiving too many pain stimuli when something else that is sufficiently exciting needs to be attended to.

Sometimes the ability of the mind to shut out pain is shown in abnormal ways, causing some kinds of the mental disease called hysteria. Certain parts of the body, like the skin of the arm or hand or that of small spots elsewhere on the body become entirely insensitive, either to touch or to pain. Needles may be stuck into these insensitive areas or even entirely through a hand or arm, in the parts not occupied by bone, without the affected person feeling anything at all. One of the exhibitions often shown by theatrical hypnotists is this same kind of insensitivity of parts of the body, created by hypnotists instead of by hysteria.

Years ago in Europe, when everybody believed in witches, a sure sign that some unfortunate woman was a witch was believed to be the appearance on the woman's body of one or more of these patches of insensitive skin, called marks of the "devil's claw." Witch finders used to go around with sharp needles sticking suspected people on the back, arms and other parts of the body to see whether the imagined witch would jump. If she did not, that meant that a "devil's claw" spot had been discovered and that a veritable witch was ready to be dragged off for trial, to be followed by drowning or burning.

Nowadays scientific men know that the only fault of these unfortunate women was that they were suffering from mild hysteria and had developed, perhaps as a direct suggestion of the search itself, the mysterious insensitive spots which brought them to condemnation. In none of these instances, of course, is there any interference with the nerve action in the skin which is the ordinary cause of pain. What happens is that the hysterical condition blocks the pain message out of the brain. Whether or not the pain exists at all depends on one's definition, like the old puzzle question of whether there is any sound if a tree falls in the forest with no one there to hear it.

No one suggests, of course, that the Christian martyrs were hysterical persons, who stopped their pain in this way by some abnormal condition of the mind. The thing that blocked the pain in their cases is believed to have been something more nearly like what the hypnotist does to the subject into whom he sticks painless pins, except that the blocking of pain in the martyr's minds was done by themselves as a kind of self-hypnosis induced by religious faith and by the excitement and fervor of laying down their lives for their beliefs.

Possibly some racial ability thus to block pain out of the mind is responsible for the relative indifference to pain of the Mongol races of Asia and of their probable close relatives, the American Indians and the Eskimos.

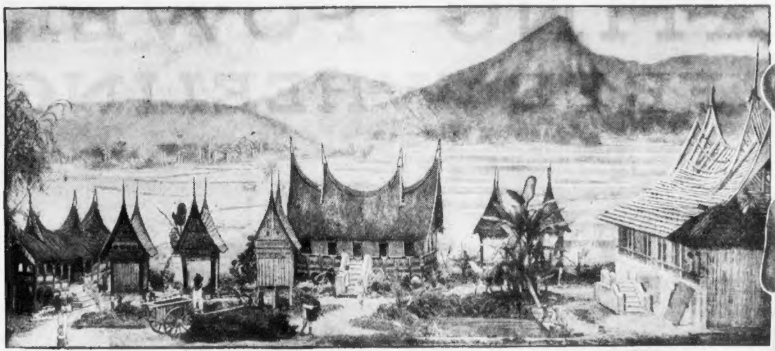
The secret of not being crushed by pain, science says, is to manage somehow or other to block it out of the brain in this way. The first twinges of a pain are valuable warnings, either of danger in cave man times or of modern conditions which require equal notice, like the beginnings of disease. But once these twinges have been attended to and their cause discovered, there is no sound reason for feeling any more pain.

It was useless from Nature's viewpoint just as from the human viewpoint for St. Sebastian to keep on feeling the hurts of his arrows or for St. Lawrence to continue feeling the pain as his flesh was cooked. For these individuals a special power of the mind or more likely the mere fervor of religious ecstasy blocked out, it is probable, most of the agony.

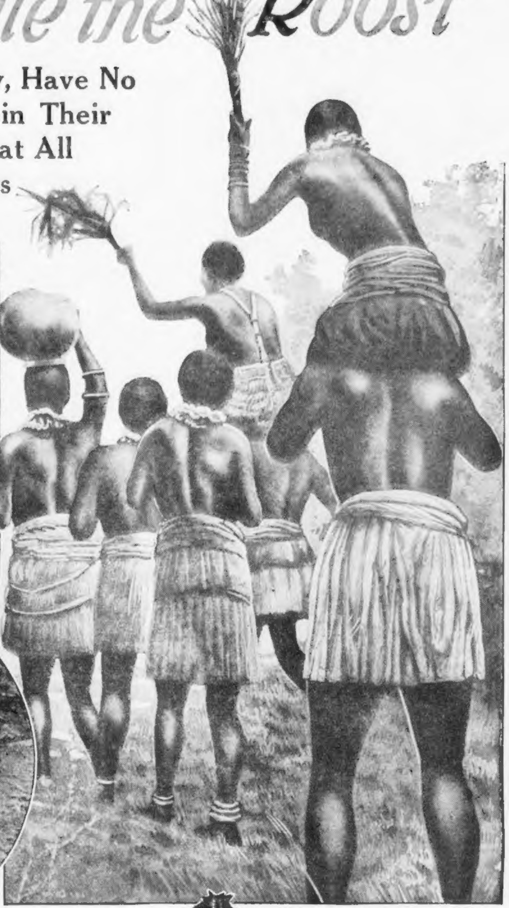
Modern individuals suffering lesser pains probably can do much the same thing by interesting their minds intensely in something else.

Where Women Really "Rule the Roost"

Malay Menangkabau, Where the Men Own No Property, Have No Husbandly or Political Rights, Are Only "Visitors" in Their Wives' Homes and Can Be Thrown Out Any Time at All —And Then Can Only Go Back to Their Mothers



Where the Men Live—On Suffrance.
Model of a Menangkabau Village in Malaysia, on Exhibition at the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. The Large Houses Are Owned and Dominated by the "Ibu," or Head-Woman of the Clan, and Husbands Are Only Tolerated as Occasional Visitors.



Women of the African Konyama Tribe Riding Their Bridegrooms and Beating Them With Whips. They Will Afterwards Beat Them With Sticks and Chase Them to the Home Kraal. This Is Another Survival of the Ancient Time When Women Ruled the World as They Still Do in Malaysia.

Photos Field Museum of Natural History.

2—While the Bride Is Feasting and Making Merry With Her Women Relatives and the Women Members of His Own Family, the Bridegroom Is Hard at Work Making the Family Pots and Has No Part Whatever in the Festivities.

Domestic Triangle of the Unfortunate Menangkabau Bridegroom.

1—Here Comes the Bride. She Is About to Embark on 8 Days of Festivities Among the Women of Her Own Family and That of the Bridegroom.

3—Here Is the "Ibu," Who May Be His Mother-in-law. She Is the Absolute Ruler of the New Home, to Which He Will Eventually Be Admitted as an Occasional Visitor, and Allowed to Remain as Long as He Behaves Himself. But if He Is Thrown Out of His New Home He Can Always Return to That of His Own Mother.

(Photos Field Museum, Chicago.)

A Priestess of the Serre Leone District in One of the Ritualistic Dances Which the Men Are Forbidden to Watch. If Any Bold Male Is Caught Spying, He Is Subjected to a Long and Agonizing Death.

EMINENT visitors from England and France have often said that the United States is a feminized republic, that American men are the most "henpecked" in the world, bossed by their women from the cradle to the grave.

But Dr. Fay Cooper Cole, head of the anthropology department at the University of Chicago, says this is not true. Feminine domination here is nothing compared to what he and Mrs. Cole found among the Menangkabau people of Malaysia.

There woman rules the roost with a vengeance, yet it cannot be said that the hand that rocks the cradle rules this Malaysian world because the Menangkabau mother makes the father rock the cradle while she does the ruling. He owns no property, has no political rights, is only a "visitor" in his wife's home and she can show him the door for any reason or no reason at all.

There are just two bright spots in the life of these downtrodden husbands. One is that when divorced they do not have to pay alimony because they have nothing to pay with, and the other is that if their wives kick them out or become too brutal, they can always run home to their mother's big house.

From photographs and other data brought back by Dr. and Mrs. Cole, a miniature village of the Malaysian Menangkabau people has been made by John P. Prasuhn, modeler for the Field Museum in Chicago.

A sad detail of the fate of these unemancipated males of the most powerful tribe in the Padang Highlands of Central Sumatra is that they start life as the social equals of the little girls to whom they are destined later to be sold into matrimonial slavery. As soon as a little boy is old enough to know anything he observes that his father is a nobody around the place who must work like a slave and when necessary fight for the tribe but has no more rights than a rabbit nor any say in what goes on. As far as the family is concerned, his mother owns everything and gives the orders, subject only to the "Ibu" or head woman of the clan.

The reason his father is only a sort of unpaid servant is because he is a stranger who came from another village to marry his mother. He is therefore not the head of the family nor even the foot of the family, he isn't family at all. The boy, however, has all the privileges of his sisters and usually his all-powerful mother favors him a little because she knows the pitiful fate that awaits him when he reaches marriageable age.

As the husband owns nothing and has no say in domestic and political affairs, all inheritance and descent are reckoned through the female line. If someone asks a strange child who he is, the youngster gives his mother's name, which places him socially. He would no more think of mentioning his father than he would of giving the name of the family's pet dog or pig or carabao. The Menangkabau settlements usually consist of only three or four houses but each house is often considerable of a mansion, containing some 60 people, all under the rule of one Ibu or "mother."

In the Ibu-mother's house are many mansions where live her daughters, granddaughters, aunts and female cousins, permanently, also her male descendants temporarily. Still more temporarily or at least dubiously are the husbands of herself and the other females. These various husbands are supposed to hold the position of guests but no self-respecting guest would stay long on such a humiliating basis as do these Menangkabau husbands.

In this humble form of matrimonial life, even the husband of the Ibu herself is not only inferior to the lowest of the women but even to the boys who are not yet old enough to marry and to the men born in house who have been divorced and are home on furlough before being married again.

When a youth marries he leaves his home, and goes to the big house where his wife lives and becomes subject to her and the Ibu who is over her. When he is not working or when he comes in from the rain, he is forbidden to go to the big room where the men and boys, born in the house, meet socially, but must remain in a little room provided for himself and his wife, nor may any other woman feed him, for it is part of this feminine domination scheme that each husband must literally eat out of his wife's hand or he does not eat.

His bride must never be related closely to his mother, but nobody bothers whether she is related on his father's side or not. In American weddings the bride is the whole show and the groom merely a serious-looking person in sombre garb who is also present, but at least he is a necessary part of the whole performance which the Malaysian groom is not. Mrs. Cole relates that after the female heads of the two houses have decided their off- [illegible] wedding date is set and the "religious man" of the village with the heads of the villages as witnesses performs the ceremony.

Upik, daughter of a wealthy woman, for instance, married Besar, a catch, because he descended from an old, old family.

The religious man turned to the groom, saying:

"I marry you to this woman and the dowry is fifty guilders and a sarong."

The bridegroom answered: "Yes, I accept this woman with the dowry of fifty guilders and sarong."

Having said this without enthusiasm, the groom yawned and shuffled home to his mother's house and nobody missed him during the following eight days' wedding celebration.

Throughout these festivities the bride and the bridal party basked in the attention of the natives of both villages, that is of the feminine portion. Not many males got in on the fun because somebody had to do the work and why bother with the insignificant creatures? It might put notions in their heads.

All this time the bride, loaded down with gold cloths and jewelry of every description, including American coins hung from her neck, paraded around in her finery.

Her attendants did the same. Her mother killed for her a carabao, or buffalo, and the villagers feasted.

On the sixth day of these functions the bride calls on her mother's relatives. There follows more feasting to which the neighbors are bidden. They arrive with plates of sweets, fried bananas, coconut concoctions and cakes decorated in red, white and blue pastry. Finally, on the eighth day, the bride gets around to call on her husband, who is at his mother's house, of course.

Mrs. Cole describes how she and her husband preceded the wedding party to the bridegroom's house. There in a corner he sat attired in a woolen coat, stiff collar and patent leather shoes which he painfully removed from time to time.

There was joking and merry making among the guests, yet no one put himself out to inquire of the bridegroom's health, disposition or particular state of feeling at being a benedict. He was completely out of the picture and was left to his misery because of the high, stiff collar and the patent shoes.

Ten days later the same wretched groom had to suffer again in the same painful sacrificial garments for a second marriage. These ceremonies were shorter and less imposing, because the second bride had less wealth and social standing. Two brides but no divorce, and no scandal because this feministic tribe has had Mohammedanism imposed on top of its matriarchal government system and every good Moslem is entitled to four wives. It was Mohammed's idea that the husband should pick the four but the Menangkabau ladies have overruled the Prophet and the Koran in this particular and are almost Communists as regards husbands. If a woman is dissatisfied with her own husband and thinks her neighbor had better luck, she divorces the unsatisfactory hubby and tells her neighbor that she wants to share her husband and a third and fourth woman may do the same.

The wives are supposed to share their common husband's time evenly, so that a four-wife husband's children only see him one month out of every four, which adds to their impression that Papa is only a wandering stranger who turns up once in a while to work for Mama.

Even in this perfect feminine rule there is some trouble. Mrs. Cole tells of a husband named Horse's Head, who appeared at the abode of wife number one a few days late. This meant that he had been staying overtime with wife number three, who was ten years younger, and number one became somewhat jealous.

"What do you come for?" wife number one asked "Horse's Head."

"Dinner" he meekly answered.

"Well, you'll get no dinner here" came the tart reply. Thereupon she raised her voice so all the neighbors could hear her, it being easy enough to hear through the thin partitions of the bamboo houses, anyway, and she gave her poor "Horse's Head" an overgoing that would make any man wilt.

Still if a wife becomes too brutal, the husband can resign by simply shouting: "I divorce you" and going back to one of his other wives or to his mother.

The wife can fire him by making the same speech. And right there he gets a break because the wife receives the custody of the children whether she wants them or not and no alimony.

This absolute feminism, far from being a novelty invented by this tribe, is one of the few surviving remnants of a system that was once probably almost universal in the prehistoric, savage past of the human race. There are evidences that humanity once lived under the matriarchal form of government, when woman was the supreme boss, and there are various theories of how the male managed to get out from under the feminine thumb, more or less.

In several African regions are found survivals of the matriarchal age. Women of the Konyama tribe select their husbands in a sort of group ceremonial, ride to the honeymoon homes on the shoulders of the "lucky" bridegrooms, whipping them vigorously all the way. In Serre Leone the women have an annual secret ceremonial at which men are barred. When an occasional bold male is caught spying on them he is subjected to a protracted and agonizing death and the other men are powerless to interfere.

The Malaysian man does not have to do all the work and is forbidden to know anything about cooking.

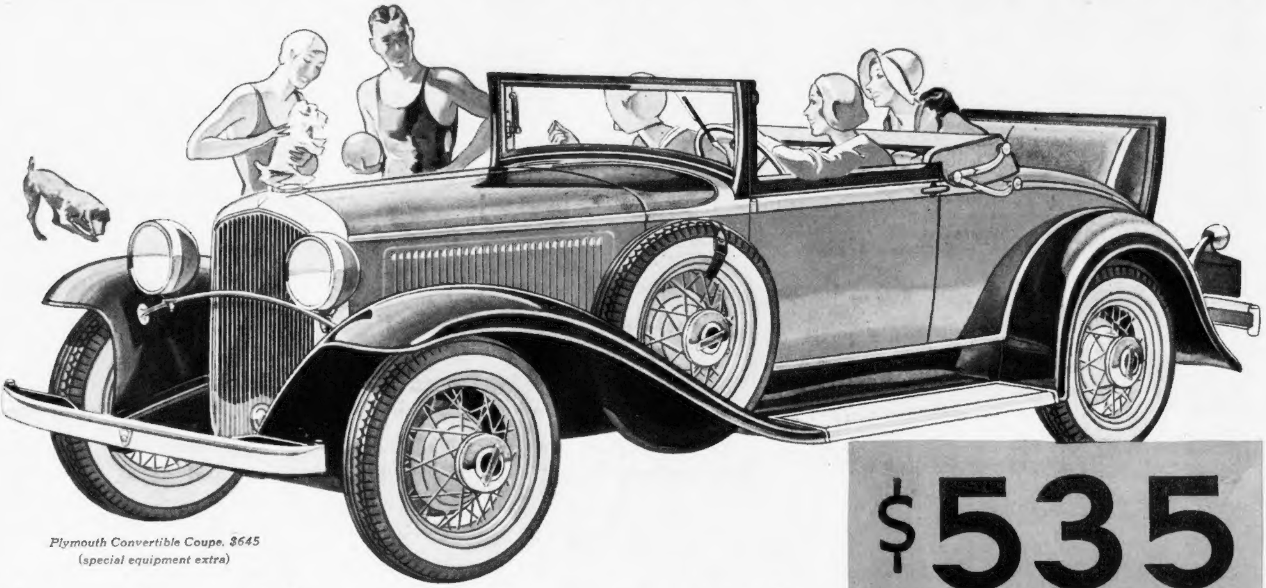
The American husband, in the secrecy of the booth, dares vote against his wife's wishes. The Malaysian men makes a pretence of running the government but the women are right there watching and listening. If one of them so far forgets himself as to speak contrary to what the women have ordered, there is a warning "Ah, Ah!" from the feminine gallery, and he quickly corrects himself.

It's just what a lot of women would like to make America.

THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT · THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR

NEW PLYMOUTH

FLOATING POWER *and* FREE WHEELING



Plymouth Convertible Coupe, $645
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$535

AND UP · F.O.B. FACTORY

Chrysler Motors Engineers' Greatest Contribution to Modern Motoring

THE new Plymouth with Floating Power is the challenge of Chrysler Motors engineers to the whole world of lowest-priced cars.

With the discovery and development of Floating Power, they finally attain the goal which a discouraged industry had abandoned as hopeless.

For more than a quarter of a century, engineers had endeavored to wipe out the "interrupted torque" that sent tremors up through the frame to passengers and driver — but always without complete success.

One by one they admitted defeat, begging the question by adopting additional cylinders, sacrificing economy for greater smoothness.

Chrysler Motors engineers, while designing fine sixes and eights for Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler, have labored unceasingly for the perfected Four, which they have steadfastly maintained to be the ideal car for the lowest-price field.

Floating Power, new and exclusive in Plymouth, is an engineering discovery that actually achieves the smoothness of an Eight with the simplicity of design and the economy of operation that are the birthright of the Four.

The Floating Power principle allows the engine to rock on its natural axis. The Plymouth engine mountings — and there are only two — are so placed that the engine, if it were free to rotate, would do so in perfect balance. At each mounting, live rubber, nearly an inch thick, allows the engine to rock or oscillate on this natural axis, thus dissipating the power impulses.

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Get behind the wheel of a new Plymouth.

Step on the accelerator. Feel how quickly and smoothly the 56-h.p. engine whisks you to stop-watch speeds of 65 to 70 miles an hour. Then suddenly take your foot off the accelerator. Make a mental comparison of its quiet deceleration with the noise of other fours, and even of inferior sixes, when put to the same test.

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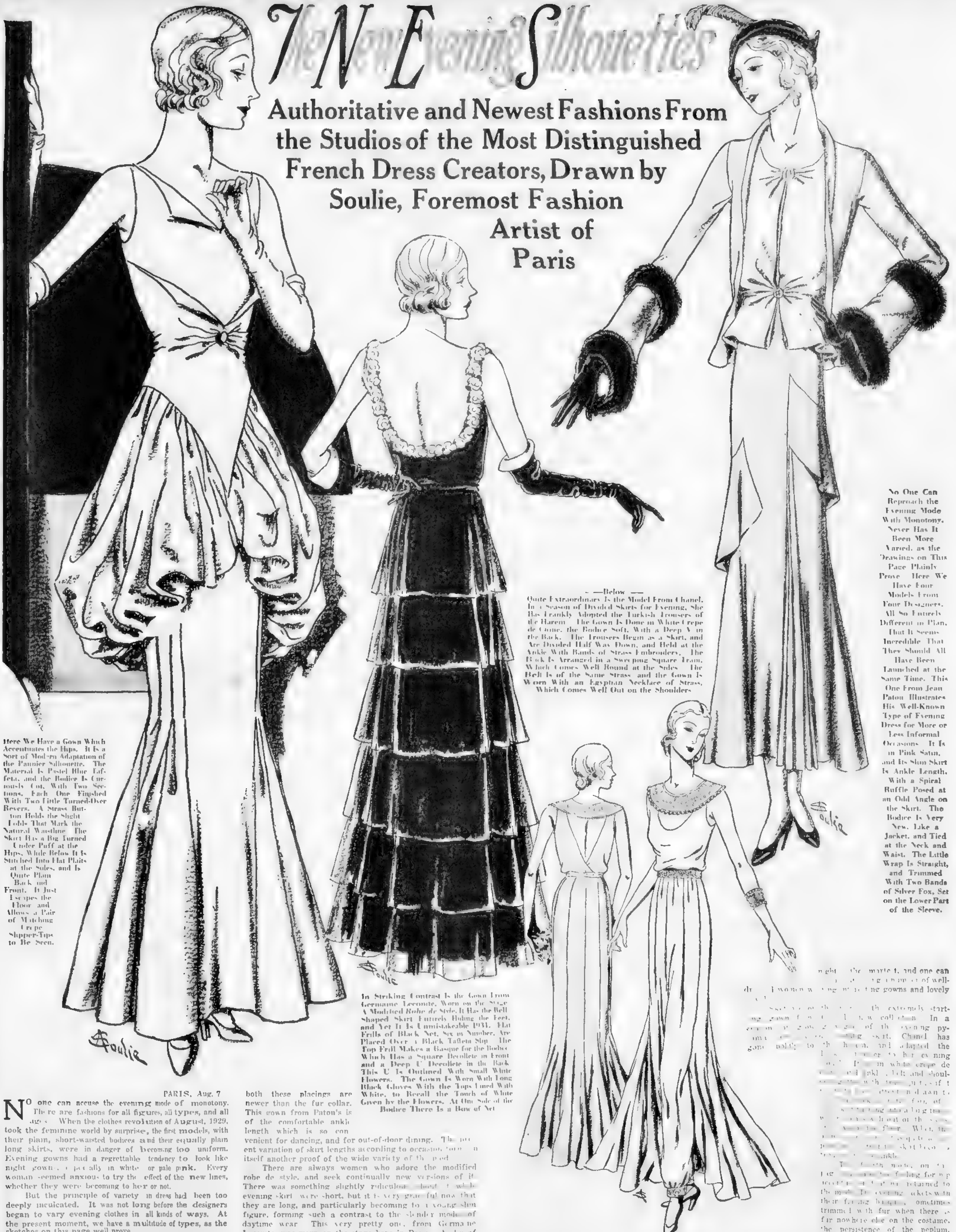
NEW LOW PRICES — Roadster $535, Sport Roadster $595, Sport Phaeton $595, Coupe $565, Coupe (with rumble seat) $610, Convertible Coupe $645, Sedan (2-door) $575, Sedan (4-door 3-window) $635, f.o.b. factory. Wire wheels standard at no extra cost. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments. Non-shatterable plate glass is available on all models at small extra cost.

NEW PLYMOUTH IS SOLD BY ALL DE SOTO, CHRYSLER AND DODGE DEALERS

The New Evening Silhouettes

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris



Here We Have a Gown Which Accentuates the Hips. It Is a Sort of Modern Adaptation of the Pannier Silhouette. The Material Is Pastel Blue Taffeta, and the Bodice Is Curiously Cut, With Two Sections, Each One Finished With Two Little Turned-Over Revers. A Strass Button Holds the Slight Folds That Mark the Natural Waistline. The Skirt Has a Big Turned Under Puff at the Hips, While Below It Is Stitched Into Flat Plaits at the Sides, and Is Quite Plain Back and Front. It Just Escapes the Floor and Allows a Pair of Matching Crepe Slipper-Tips to Be Seen.

In Striking Contrast Is the Gown From Germaine Lecomte, Worn on the Stage. A Modified *Robe de Style.* It Has the Bell-shaped Skirt Entirely Hiding the Feet, and Yet It Is Unmistakeable 1931. Flat Frills of Black Net, Six in Number, Are Placed Over a Black Taffeta Slip. The Top Frill Makes a Basque for the Bodice Which Has a Square Decollete in Front and a Deep U Decollete in the Back. This U Is Outlined With Small White Flowers. The Gown Is Worn With Long Black Gloves With the Tops Lined With White, to Recall the Touch of White Given by the Flowers. At One Side of the Bodice There Is a Bow of Net

—Below—
Quite Extraordinary Is the Model From Chanel. In a Season of Divided Skirts for Evening, She Has Frankly Adopted the Turkish Trousers of the Harem. The Gown Is Done in White Crepe de Chine, the Bodice Soft, With a Deep V in the Back. The Trousers Begin as a Skirt, and Are Divided Half Way Down, and Held at the Ankle With Bands of Strass Embroidery. The Back Is Arranged in a Sweeping Square Train, Which Comes Well Round at the Sides. The Belt Is of the Same Strass and the Gown Is Worn With an Egyptian Necklace of Strass, Which Comes Well Out on the Shoulders

No One Can Reproach the Evening Mode With Monotony. Never Has It Been More Varied, as the Drawings on This Page Plainly Prove. Here We Have Four Models From Four Designers, All So Entirely Different in Plan, That It Seems Incredible That They Should All Have Been Launched at the Same Time. This One From Jean Patou Illustrates His Well-Known Type of Evening Dress for More or Less Informal Occasions. It Is in Pink Satin, and Its Slim Skirt Is Ankle Length, With a Spiral Ruffle Posed at an Odd Angle on the Skirt. The Bodice Is Very New, Like a Jacket, and Tied at the Neck and Waist. The Little Wrap Is Straight, and Trimmed With Two Bands of Silver Fox, Set on the Lower Part of the Sleeve.

PARIS, Aug. 7

No one can accuse the evening mode of monotony. There are fashions for all figures, all types, and all ages. When the clothes revolution of August, 1929, took the feminine world by surprise, the first models, with their plain, short-waisted bodices and their equally plain long skirts, were in danger of becoming too uniform. Evening gowns had a regrettable tendency to look like night gowns, especially in white or pale pink. Every woman seemed anxious to try the effect of the new lines, whether they were becoming to her or not.

But the principle of variety in dress had been too deeply inculcated. It was not long before the designers began to vary evening clothes in all kinds of ways. At the present moment, we have a multitude of types, as the sketches on this page well prove.

Let us begin with the slim gown in pale pink satin from Patou. The bodice, like a little jacket tied twice, is really original with its adaptation of daytime modes to evening ones. The lines of the gown are slim, and are subtly broken with a flat flounce, set on a diagonal line, and running round the sides and back. The little jacket has two silver fox trimming concentrated on the cuffs, for fur at one place only is one of the novelties of the present mode. It may be only at the elbow, or on the basque, and both these placings are newer than the fur collar. This gown from Paton's is of the comfortable ankle length which is so convenient for dancing, and for out-of-door dining. The present variation of skirt lengths according to occasion forms in itself another proof of the wide variety of the mode.

There are always women who adore the modified robe de style, and seek continually new versions of it. There was something slightly ridiculous about it when evening skirts were short, but it is very graceful now that they are long, and particularly becoming to a young slim figure, forming such a contrast to the slender mode of daytime wear. This very pretty one, from Germaine Lecomte, was worn on the stage here in Paris. A slip of black taffeta is covered with wide flat frills of black net, the top one forming the basque of the rather short-waisted bodice. The deep decollete is outlined in the back with a massed wreath of small white flowers, which [illegible] out the black and white harmony, the [illegible] their wide tops [illegible] with white kid. The fashion [illegible] a decollete with flowers is a very pretty one. At the Ambassadeurs Restaurant, the other night, I saw a pretty blonde girl in a black frock, very low in the neck. Against her sun-browned skin, was a row of large white daisies, making it look even more golden. The effect was charming.

The Ambassadeurs Restaurant has been newly decorated, more in the spirit of the old Ambassadeurs, renowned since the days when the inimitable Yvette Guilbert sang there wearing her long black gloves. Friday night [illegible] the smartest, and one can [illegible] of well-dressed women wearing [illegible] gowns and lovely [illegible]

[illegible] the extremely startling gown from [illegible] collection. In a season of growing [illegible] of the evening pyjamas [illegible] skirt, Chanel has gone boldly to the harem, and adapted the [illegible] trousers to her evening [illegible]. It [illegible] in white crepe de [illegible] ankle, belt and shoulders [illegible] [illegible] floor. When the [illegible] ankle.

The fourth note, on [illegible] feeling for [illegible] returned to the mode. The evening jackets with their flaring basques, sometimes trimmed with fur when there is fur nowhere else on the costume, the persistence of the peplum, Lelong's revival of the Louis XV basque on evening wraps and suit jackets, all these are indications of the [illegible] of the hip [illegible] fashion which was thought [illegible] in 1929. Martial et Armand's model in [illegible] of the pannier silhouette [illegible] interesting point in the model, [illegible] well in Monsieur Soulie' drawing.

Strange and Interesting Americans—

A Visit to Our Curious Fellow Nationals in the Odd Corners of the Philippine Islands, Where a Moslem Sultan and His Wives Hold Court Under the Stars and Stripes, Villages of Sea Gypsies Live on Boats, Slaves Are Sold, Head-Hunting Savages Hide in the Jungle and Occasional Human Sacrifices Take Place

WHEN President Hoover made his recent visit to the Virgin [illegible] United States bought fourteen years [illegible] shocked at the grim poverty an[illegible] We acquired an effective poor [illegible]

If President Hoover ever visits the Philippines, the American islands [illegible] other side of the world, he would have a much more [illegible] and varied experience. Almost everything is wide open [illegible] or opium gambling and most things which are forbidden by the laws of the United States. Under the United States flag lives a Mohammedan Sultan with his wives; in various parts of the islands the tribes of head-hunters still carry on their customs, and in other localities slaves are bought and sold, polygamy is common and there are American savages living in jungles which have never been explored.

Mr. Aleko E. Lilius, correspondent of the American Weekly, has recently made a tour of inspection of a few of the 7,000 islands seldom visited and unpoliced by American authorities, and some of his experiences and the photographs he succeeded in taking are published on this page today.

By ALEKO E. LILIUS
(American Weekly Correspondent)

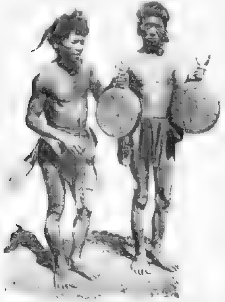
CHAPTER III

(C[illegible] Sunday)

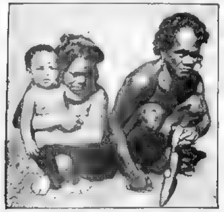
© 1931 b[illegible]

IOLO (Capital of Sulu),
P[illegible]

IT is commonly and "officially" supposed that h[illegible] the Bagobos, a wild pagan tribe living on the south coast of Mindanao, the second largest of the Philippine Islands.



Head-Hunters of Mindanao. Their Musical Gongs Have Human Jaws for Handles.



The Native Doctor Rubs a Silver Coin on His Knife. If the Coin Sticks to the Knife, the Child Will Get Well.

Nevertheless, it still is practiced, and anyone who will look at a recent map can see the reason why. The map shows a surprising [illegible] of [illegible] indicating [illegible] have never been explored. Nobody knows much about who are in there or what they are up to. Naturally the white man cannot change the customs of savages in places where he has never penetrated. Some of these unexplored spots are surprisingly close to large commercial centres.

Strange accounts brought back by foolhardy adventurers who have invaded these jungles a little way and been lucky enough to come back are [illegible] suppressed or discredited by the authorities [illegible] yarns." It is not good form to speak to a Filipino of these human sacrifices or of head-hunting in Luzon or certain other practices among the pagan fishing tribes of southern Sulu.

They even go further than that. The authorities prohibit photographing of any natives in their everyday costume, which, in many cases, consists only of a gee-string and a pair of brass earrings. Heavy penalties are imposed on the photographer, whether scientist or tourist, who breaks this rule.

The American authorities do not like to have pictures of these savages printed because it was expected that the American occupation would make a sort of Sunday school of the entire archipelago in a few years, and such unpleasant facts bring upon their heads demands from home to accomplish the impossible.

I had the pleasure of meeting a boy and girl who had been rescued from sacrifice. With the Philippine constabulary I had been chasing Moro outlaws in the vicinity of Lake Lanao, in Mindanao, one day, when we dropped into a constabulary post under the command of Captain R., an American officer.

The men were marched off to the barracks, while the officers, Americans and Filipinos, were invited into the Post Commander's house. This dapper officer, nearing forty, bronzed and with an admirable record of military exploits in the World War and tropical armies all over the southern world, introduced to us a pair of black youngsters, a girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen, as his children. In these latitudes one wonders, but does not ask questions, but the commander, amused over our silent but visible consternation, volunteered.

"They are my step-children. I rescued them from the Moros, who had captured them from the Manobos, and were to sell them as slaves to other pagan tribes for sacrificial purposes. They have been with me three years now. And they speak almost perfect English—don't you, Pag?" he turned to the little brown girl.

"Yes, Papa," she answered, embarrassed.

"Well, and so does Catig, the boy," the commander continued.

"Yes, Papa," the boy hastened to assure.

Little by little, over our whiskies and sodas, I drew the story out of him. It was a thrilling tale of daring jungle-tracking into regions unknown, of outwitting the Moro slavers, who still ply their ancient trade unconcerned about the local authorities, and who raid and burn the villages of the pagan wild tribes, k[illegible] the inhabitants and take the women and children as slaves to be sold to other tribes who have yellow gold to give for the choicest prisoners.

Pag and Catig, then nine and eleven, had been stolen from their parents, and in fetters were forced for months to follow the raiders and work from sunup until late at night, hardly receiving any food but plenty of abuse. But the constabulary have their informants in remote places, and the news of the outrages finally reached the station commander, Captain R., who immediately organized his forces and dived into the jungle to punish the raiders and rescue the [illegible] from the terrible fate which awaited them at the hands of the jungle tribes, who still practice human sacrifice.

Only a year ago the constabulary in the province of Bukidnon rescued another slave girl of the Bukidnon tribe, who had been sold to Datu Inda, a Manobo outlaw chieftain, with the understanding that she was to be sacrificed to appease the wrath of the gods, which had been shown by sickness and disastrous warfare befalling the tribe. In either the Manobo or the Bagobo tribes the girl could also have been sacrificed to give rest to the soul of the deceased, for should a man of wealth die and his widow be unable to remarry, it would be necessary to make a sacrifice to appease the spirit of the dead husband.

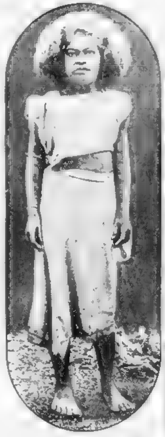
There are many more circumstances which, in the minds of these wild people, justify human sacrifices, but only a council of old men can determine whether the evils justify the killing of a human being. These old men of the tribe come together once a year during the time when seven stars, three at right angles to the other four, are seen on the eastern horizon at 7 o'clock in the evening. This occurs in the early part of December.

The sacrifice must take place while this constellation, called Balatic, can be seen.

Some years ago two Bagobo widows, Addy and Obby, went to see their datu, old Chief Andsig, and requested a sacrifice to appease the spirits of their deceased husbands, which were troubling them sorely. Datu Andsig called the wise old men of the tribe together, and, after several days of parleying, it was decided that, as there had not been any sacrifices since a time of bad drought, many years ago, it would be wise to order one. Many strange rites were performed, tom-toms and drums were beaten for days, and there was much eating and drinking, and, finally, four of the old men were directed to set out and try to secure a victim by theft, purchase or barter.

Eagerly they scoured the country and "visited" neighboring tribes, all the time looking for a chance to get hold of an unfortunate boy or girl to be sacrificed later as their rites prescribed. The man successful in obtaining a victim would be honored with an important part in the ceremonies. One of the men, old Ongon, was the first to report. He had purchased for five agongs (brass drums)—about 75 pesos' worth—an eight-year-old Bilaan slave boy, cross-eyed, feeble-minded and deaf.

These defects would have made the boy worthless as an ordinary slave, but the combination put an enchanted value on him for sacrificial purposes. I can't imagine why any god would fancy such a poor specimen; in fact, I should think he would be insulted. But no doubt there are good religious reasons, if I only knew them. Anyway the widows and the whole tribe w[illegible] at the bargain, which would surely bring them good luck.



Another Philippine Islands Belle. A Negrito Girl in Her Native Village Costume.

A Philippine Islands Belle, Winner of the Beauty Crown in Manila, and Shown in Her Regal Fiesta Attire.

A Woman Slave.

Majestic Mount Apo, 9,630 feet high, supposed by the Bagobos to be the abode of Mandarangan, the god of evil, was chosen as the place for the performance of the sacrifice. And one night, at the appointed hour, the people of the tribe met in the jungle. Half of them were women.

A bamboo platform had been constructed, and a cloth, woven from the bark of the bunga tree, was placed on top of it. Grim Bagobo warriors in full regalia, spears in hand and carrying their shields on their shoulders, advanced solemnly to this platform and put a piece of betel-nut on the cloth. After them followed the women, covered with gold ornaments and dressed in richly brocaded garments; they also offered the god their share of betel-nut. Each of the participants then placed his or her turban cloth over the offerings.

Again the men advanced to the platform, this time to place their bolos, broad-bladed knife-like daggers with richly ornamented handles, on top of the cloth, while the women added strips of bark from palm trees.

After the ceremony the men and women would retrieve and cherish these garments and weapons which had been exposed there for two reasons. The first was to call the attention of the evil god to each participant, because there is no profit in worshiping unless one gets due credit for the act. Secondly, wearing of the weapons and cloths would be a perpetual reminder to Mandarangan, in case he forgot and started to do something mean to any of them. The Mand[illegible] god is evidently a god with a better memory for things than for faces.

When everyone had placed his personal gift and his weapon or cloth where the god would surely see it, a signal was sounded on the gongs and the men all stuck their spears into the ground in a circle, [illegible] a fearful young [illegible] stripped of his clothing, only a gee-string, and was sitting on the ground contentedly chewing a piece of betel-nut and suspecting nothing of what was to come. He had never been of any consequence before, and his half-witted mind could not imagine that he was to be the most important figure in this ceremony.

At the sudden outburst of yelling, however, he jumped up, startled, and realizing that all eyes were on him, some instinct told the poor wretch that all was not well. He started to run, but was seized and tied by the waist to a small tree with bahuca (strips of rattan). He did not struggle much, but only whimpered as they also tied his wrists and ankles.

Datu Andsig then stepped forward and made an interminable oration. The Filipinos are certainly civilized in one respect—they love to make speeches as much as does any white man, but, of course, there is no law against that form of cruelty. The datu exhorted the dread Mandarangan to come out of his palace somewhere on Apo and accept the sacrifice about to be made that his wrath and meanness might be turned from the devout Bagobos and fall upon some of their neighbors. When he had finally finished telling the great spirit what was expected of him, Datu Andsig placed a spear just below the ribs on the victim's right side.

The two widows who had suggested the sacrifice then did their bit, grasping the rear end of the spear and pushing it through the victim's body. His death cry rang out amid a perfect stillness of the spectators. Then all heads turned toward the eastern sky, where the seven evil eyes of Balatic winked above the horizon. Everything had been done just right and Mandarangan would surely be delighted.

Three of the oldest men in the tribe then drew their bolos, and, in spite of the weakness of old age, slashed at the body. This was a signal for everyone else, both men and women, to fall upon it, each striving to take away some piece of bone or flesh as a holy relic.

It is said that the sacrifice of an animal to the gods would be offensive to them. The Bagobos kill, as a rule, slave children or decrepit slaves brought to their camps from remote places, but other tribes, such as Bilanes and Tagacolas, sacrifice people of their own tribe or healthy young children of other tribes.

Such was probably the cruel fate from which the gallant American officer had saved the two Manobo children, Pag and Catig, whom he now gives the best education available in these remote places, whom he loves as children of his own blood. And they certainly looked up to him as to their real father. What a story could be written if only shy Pag would tell all she remembers of her dreadful experiences. But she refuses to think about those nightmare days—and who can blame her?

Why don't the Americans put a stop to all this? That is easy to ask and easy to answer with another question. Why don't we close all the speakeasies [illegible] why don't we suppress the moonshiners in the South even before prohibition, why don't we clean out the gangsters in the American cities, and why does Mr. Al Capone still rule his underworld kingdom like a sultan?

In my wanderings about the Philippine Islands I frequently asked the natives if they felt themselves sufficiently advanced to take on all the problems [illegible] of independence from the United States. As I have already said the Sultan of Sulu replied emphatically that they were not, but most of the others thought themselves quite competent. If I pressed the point that perhaps [illegible] often the natives [illegible] that the Bajaos, the sea gypsies o[illegible] Sulu Sea, would not quite [illegible] they were a small minority.

When a gentleman whose habitual costume is only a gee-string and a pair of brass earrings confessed that the parlor manners of his brother Filipinos were pretty bad, it made me curious to find out about the fellow. Apparently these Bajaos have hardly been written up or photographed at all, so I paid them a visit.

According to the Moros, who are no gentle playmates themselves, these sea gypsies were something awful, more like water animals than human beings. They practiced polygamy, magic and communism, were able to command the forces of nature and their anger, [illegible] was dreadful to behold. After [illegible] island [illegible] and paddle to reach Sitankai [illegible] they were water creatures, who lived on and in that element, probably spending less of their time on dry land than does a seal or walrus.

The capital, Sitankai, is a city of 400 house-boats, as near as I could count them. On these floating homes and in their canoes they not only work, eat, sleep, but are born and die. Just as one will find Americans who for years have never been out of the boundaries of their own home town, so I found many Bajaos who hadn't set foot on land for years. The main reasons for ever going ashore are to barter their fish for rice, fruits and materials produced by landlubber tribes, for certain occasional [illegible] ceremonies and to build new boats.

The houseboats are all anchored and lashed together with little plank walks running all over the floating city. For occasions like important weddings, they place planks over a number of boats, making a sort of public square. Today one will run across specimens of these [illegible] all the way from the northeast coast of Borneo throughout the Sulu Archipelago [illegible] Zamboanga in the Philippines [illegible] a few current or storm driven Bajao [illegible] may be encountered as far from [illegible] as Java or Celebes.

The Bajaos are probably among the most primitive of all the savage people within the boundaries of the Philippine Islands. Although a fishing people, they stubbornly continue to use the spear as the only instrument for catching fish. They sometimes dive after the fish, spear in hand—and they get them, too.

They are pagans. Their language has no name for God or gods, and they have no recognized chiefs or headsmen among themselves. They have no written literature, and no other laws but their traditions, polygamy being permitted. They are monogamists only for economical reasons. Sex morality is a thing unknown among them.

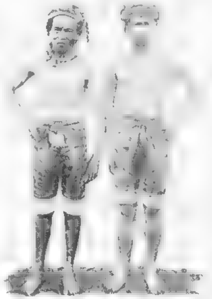
Although they do not believe in gods or a divine power, they seem to fear evil spirits, [illegible] ably as a result of contact with the Mohammedan surroundings and culture with its Jinns and Shaitans. The Bajaos appeal to these supernatural beings in case of sickness and in times of calamities. They even offer rice and mutter incantations to huge hermit crabs, supposed to live near an adjacent island, and reputed to be under the control of Mangilay, a spirit-princess.

And, paradoxically, they bury their dead together with all belongings of the deceased, but [illegible] the other side of the grave. The nearest relative of the dead—mother, father, sister or daughter—rides to the grave on top of the coffin, and [illegible] on this occasion. Seemingly, death brings no sorrow to them. When a man dies it is customary to break up the small canoe he fished in and use the pi[illegible]

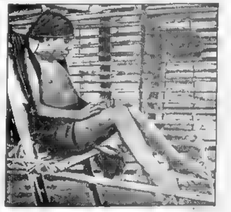
[illegible]

had communism for centuries, and it is a more perfect [illegible] the iron hand of a dictator the greatest standing a[illegible] spres[illegible]

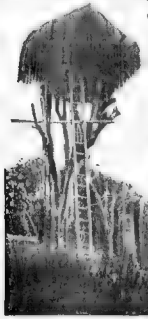
Concluded on Page [illegible]



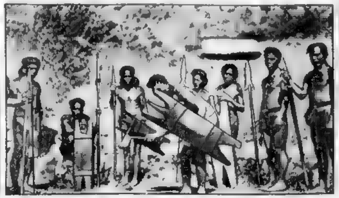
Bagobo Gentlemen, Who Are Tattooed Pretty Well All Over Their Bodies.



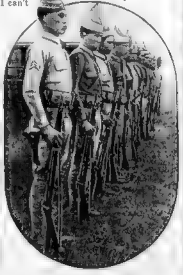
Quaint Burial Method Among the Igorotes. The Body Is Placed in a Bamboo Hut Erected for the Purpose, as Shown in the Photograph.



One of the Huts Built in a Tree to Insure Safety Against Prowling Animals and Snakes.

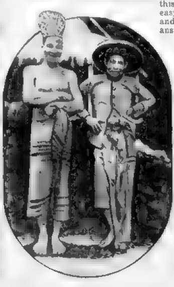


Igorote Head-Hunters Performing a War Dance.



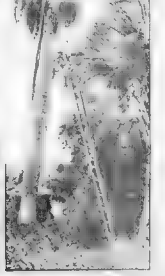
Moro Soldiers of the Philippine Constabulary Forces.

Picturesque Street in a Philippine Village.



Jolly Moro Outlaws Among Whom the Slave Traders Are Recruited.

Homes of the Bontoc, a Tribe of Igorote Head-Hunters.



In Some Portions of the Islands the Natives Bury Their Dead on Tops of Palm Trees.

Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

When Ruggles Reappeared From Behind the Curtains His Little Whiskered Face Showed Horror, a Horror That Was Expressed by a Whining Protest in His Throat.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

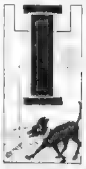
NORAH FALLON, beautiful musical comedy and picture star, is a client of Harlan Grant, a fashionable medium and astrological adviser on business [illegible]

Indian army and that he hated his [illegible] served him.

Norah receives another threatening letter. Stoddard [illegible] Colonel [illegible] goes to [illegible] out with him. Shortly after [illegible]

CHAPTER XIX (Continued).

Ruggles Collapses



I[illegible]

[illegible] was ever did, but there was no time to be lost. On the run we bounded up the stairs and back into that abominable room.

Ignoring the Chief's order about touching things, Jimmy [illegible] curtains and threw them back to their farthest limits so that every inch of the room was illuminated. [illegible]

[illegible] to report that Ruggles was himself again, [illegible] shaken and weak. He had left him tied to a leg of the bed in Grant's room and his little whimpering cries, coming up from below, did nothing to help our state of mind.

Wilson took out a large handkerchief [illegible] little beads of sweat. "I wish I'd never been put on this case." "[illegible] it's got me [illegible], Mr. Lane."

[illegible] "It's got me, too," [illegible] "It's beyond anything I've ever encountered. Up to ten minutes ago I believed that we had only to [illegible] our hands and we'd have the [illegible] now." He [illegible] in a voice which [illegible]

"You [illegible] you think it wasn't [illegible] blood, Mr. Lane?"

"What can I think? We know that [illegible] got [illegible] out of this room tonight. And [illegible]"

Desperately I tried to bring my mind to [illegible] don't [illegible] in spirits?"

Jimmy [illegible] "There [illegible] in heaven and earth [illegible] of [illegible] tonight, [illegible] spirits [illegible], yes, and [illegible] too?"

[illegible] when we [illegible] home Saturday morning. Both of us [illegible] we dropped into bed and slept heavily.

At one o'clock I woke to find Friday shaking me firmly by the shoulder.

"Mist' Lane want fo' you to [illegible] Mist' Catch [illegible] breakfast an' Miss Fallon comin' fo' a talk."

Instantly the whole [illegible] pageant of the night before flashed across my mind. "How is Ruggles?" I demanded, and Friday frowned.

"He's up an' aroun' but he's mighty poorly. I reckon that [illegible] night that's heavy on his mind." He shook his head at me reproachfully. "You and Mist' Lane hadn't ought to of take him to that house. Dogs is lots smarter than folks is and their eyes is sharper. They can see things we caint. If that dog could speak ah reckon he tell you-all things would make your blood run cold!"

From his ominous tone and the way he shook his head [illegible] with

[illegible] a great distaste for the whole affair."

"Have you heard anything from Stoddard?"

"Not directly, but I commun[illegible] North [illegible] Stoddard's arrest would break [illegible] to keep Norah's mind out of it as long as possible."

"Pretty decent of him, considering [illegible] that he's [illegible]"

[illegible] idiotic anyone should think Stoddard did it."

"But all the evidence"— I began, and Jimmy interrupted.

"Oh, I'll grant you the evi[illegible]

"I remember, we decided that [illegible] who could have [illegible] the door was Singh or [illegible] "I [illegible] that the Colonel is [illegible] looking toward [illegible] could answer [illegible] poke from the

(Continued on Page 16)

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

[illegible]

[illegible] don't let you [illegible] Nothing [illegible] going [illegible] to Dick. I can [illegible]

[illegible] word of honor I don't [illegible] Stoddard [illegible]

"And [illegible] you going to do?"

[illegible] of the afternoon sun [illegible] a different and much [illegible]

[illegible] number of things [illegible] that I'll get for [illegible] up for me, at first, [illegible] and I will go to [illegible]

"[illegible] Singh?" Norr[illegible] asked.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XX.

The Doctor's Wife

THE Doctor [illegible] and [illegible]. If he [illegible]

[illegible] from the [illegible] trunk [illegible] The Doctor apologized [illegible] gentle voice.

"You'll [illegible] rather [illegible] I was going [illegible] tragedy happened next door."

[illegible] that Mrs. Waverly?"

The Doctor nodded. "Yes, it was [illegible] only about a year before her death [illegible]"

"She [illegible] very beautiful [illegible]"

[illegible] her hair. It flowed from under a [illegible] over her shoulder [illegible] had caught [illegible]

The Doctor [illegible] tion of the [illegible]

It [illegible] How [illegible] been dead?"

"Ten years [illegible] but it seems only yesterday. I was not there when [illegible] I had opened that trunk and [illegible] her things. It is as though she had only just died."

Words [illegible] the utter desolation of his voice. It was as though everything which bound him to the earth had been swept away [illegible] A minute passed, two [illegible] still stood, apparently [illegible] of our presence [illegible] roused himself.

"[illegible] I'm very [illegible] Won't you sit down?"

[illegible] Doctor [illegible] the fire [illegible]

"Yes," [illegible] "Stoddard [illegible]"

The Doctor [illegible] glance at him. "[illegible] guilty, Mr. [illegible]"

"I don't [illegible]" the Doctor's eyes [illegible] murder two men [illegible]

"You [illegible]" quickly.

[illegible] go [illegible] Count [illegible] door [illegible] was the first to go [illegible] But he may be lying. We were just going to call the Colonel [illegible] when word came that he'd [illegible] killed."

For a moment there was [illegible] and I saw that the Doctor was thinking deeply, then he apparently came to some decision.

"I don't want to cast suspicion upon [illegible]" he said, "[illegible] I don't want to [illegible] information which may lead to [illegible] young Stoddard. I think perhaps I should tell you [illegible] there was no love lost between Singh and my friend Grant."

"We've already been told something of the sort," I said. "Corrigan found it out from a member of the Anglo-Indian colony. He said that Singh hated his master."

"It's true," the Doctor told us. "Lalah, Singh's wife, frequently came to me with her troubles. Harlan was hard to get along with [illegible] and inclined to be cruel. I can't say that he treated Singh well. He used to speak of him [illegible] and I've even seen him [illegible] Singh isn't [illegible] resented such [illegible] none of it."

[illegible] Jimmy [illegible] and the Doctor shook his [illegible]

"I never quite understood the [illegible] between the two men but I [illegible] that Harlan was holding something over Singh. [illegible] threaten him [illegible] sort of way. He [illegible] and Singh [illegible] When [illegible] Singh [illegible] murder."

"But why should he kill the Count too?"

"I can't tell you that," the Doctor [illegible] "They certainly disliked each other and the Colonel [illegible] him now and then [illegible] but that's scarcely sufficient reason for murder."

[illegible] covered [illegible] and was [illegible] to give [illegible]

The Doctor threw [illegible] glance. [illegible] In fact I [illegible] Singh [illegible] how do you account for [illegible] young Stoddard [illegible]

The Doctor shook his head. "I don't," he said frankly, "any more than I can tell you how Singh committed the murders [illegible] met them. I can only say [illegible] he seems a likelier [illegible] than Stoddard."

There was an [illegible] Jimmy considered [illegible] changed the subject [illegible] "I wish you'd tell me [illegible] about Lalah. Was she with your wife for a long time?"

"No," the Doctor shook his head, "only a year or so. She was already married to Singh when Grant came to the station and when my wife's amah [illegible] she offered her services. She was with my wife when [illegible]"

"Was Mrs. Waverly's death sudden?" Jimmy asked.

"Very sudden, and I was too far away to be reached. By the time I got home she was already buried." The Doctor's voice was low and his eyes went [illegible] to the portrait [illegible]

As though to [illegible] Jimmy made another [illegible] transition. "I wonder if it would be possible for us to talk with Mrs. Singh again?"

"Why, I fancy she'd be [illegible] to see you. When I was there an hour ago she seemed to be bearing up very well. That [illegible] maid, Lalah, has gone completely to pieces, and Stoddard is in a state of collapse [illegible] she has to nurse both of them."

"You say that Stoddard has collapsed?"

"Well, 'collapsed' is probably the wrong word. As a matter of fact, the fellow is almost [illegible] lively. He's always been more or less neurotic and this thing has provided him with an occasion. He claims that this business is [illegible] and that someone is trying to wipe out the [illegible] The latest [illegible] himself in [illegible] and have food [illegible]"

[illegible] I know [illegible]

The Doctor [illegible] a trifle [illegible] Dr. [illegible] Marchbanks [illegible] don't [illegible] We were [illegible] for you."

"That reminds me," Jimmy exclaimed suddenly, "of a question I meant to ask earlier. Did Grant say anything to you about the fear of fear?"

For a moment the Doctor considered, then nodded. "Yes; I believe [illegible] but it was some [illegible] ago."

"But what did he say?" There was [illegible] of eagerness in Jimmy's voice and he leaned forward to catch the Doctor's reply.

"As I remember it, we were discussing his mother's death. She was a medium, too, you know, and she was found dead

(Continued on Page 20)

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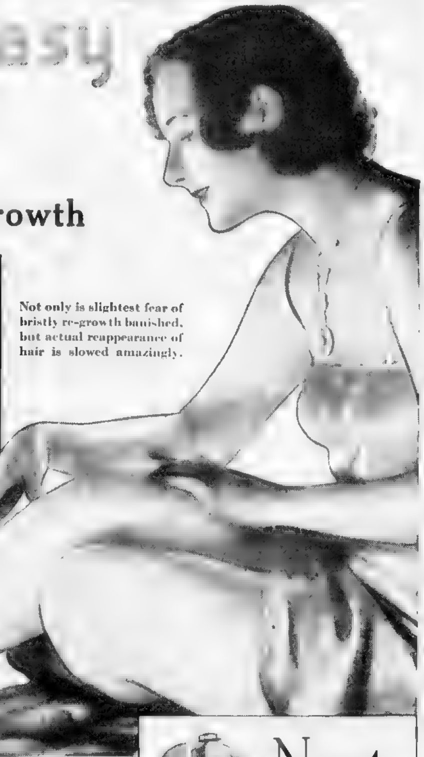

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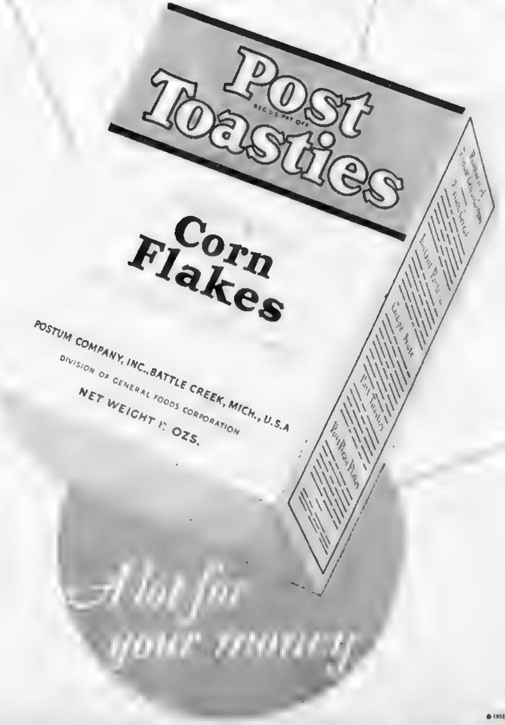
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P[illegible] L[illegible] L[illegible] B[illegible] J[illegible] A[illegible]

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

T[illegible]

CHAPTER X.

Pan Arrives

FURIOUS [illegible] Quarrender [illegible] If for her [illegible] The moment [illegible] down [illegible] plucked the brush [illegible]

It was [illegible] only [illegible] that the road [illegible] very w[illegible] a p[illegible] of the [illegible] road [illegible] heavy [illegible] front window [illegible] not been drawn. [illegible] Pan could [illegible]

Quarrender was [illegible] the [illegible] heart [illegible] and [illegible] just for a [illegible] swaying [illegible] kid shoes, fingering [illegible] pulse to run away [illegible] into the car, speed back [illegible] away from [illegible] the mad [illegible] begun. [illegible] minds [illegible] something [illegible] had [illegible] stood there [illegible] But she [illegible]

"What's the matter with you, Pan [illegible] Not [illegible] to turn cow[illegible] at this hour of the [illegible]

[illegible] but [illegible] Quarrender [illegible] windows.

"[illegible] one there?"

Pan took a tight grip of herself and stepped forward.

"Only me," she [illegible] up at him [illegible] "You expected me, didn't you, Quarrender Hale?"

[illegible] Quarrender [illegible] The [illegible] Pan, [illegible] your [illegible] now, [illegible] and the [illegible] And [illegible]

Quarrender opened the door [illegible] only [illegible] I know of [illegible] over the garage."

"So kind of you to offer to [illegible] your own room [illegible] he stepped into [illegible] the [illegible] Quarrender's [illegible] now [illegible] Quarrender's [illegible]

[illegible] moved into [illegible] sitting room. It was a typical man's room, comfortable with [illegible] and [illegible] oak table, several [illegible] smoking stands and [illegible] curtains.

Quarrender grinned crookedly. "Not [illegible] it? [illegible] to brighten it up. I'm glad you came, Pan. Things were beginning to get a bit dull. Did you have a good journey?"

Obviously he intended to take her arrival [illegible] course. You would [illegible] young girls [illegible] to a man's bungalow [illegible] night in the week [illegible] Bolton [illegible] Not [illegible] such a [illegible]

"[illegible] supper [illegible] Quarrender [illegible] I suppose you haven't [illegible] how to cook. Like most [illegible] of your time you've concentrated [illegible] on being [illegible] you haven't had a moment to spare for the domestic [illegible]"

But Pan, who was now feeling more at her ease, would not let [illegible] get away with that. "Don't [illegible] believe it," she said. "We [illegible] can cook [illegible] well, if not better, than our grandmothers did [illegible] we don't [illegible] about it."

Quarrender smiled sceptically. "I won't argue. Instead I'll give [illegible] to prove it. Take a look round the kitchen and see what you can find while I bring in your case and shove the old bus into the garage."

Pan found herself obeying [illegible] When [illegible] had started out, [illegible] not to obey [illegible] must have become a [illegible] during those weeks [illegible] played around together.

The kitchen was small, but [illegible] with its red [illegible] curtains and [illegible] topped table. A [illegible] unwashed luncheon dishes [illegible] sink and the mantle[illegible] littered with untidy [illegible] of salt, pepper, etc. [illegible] through an assortment of canned food in the cupboard [illegible] took stock of the situation. She tried to convince her[illegible]

"None of this vampire stuff, Pan," Said Quarrender Sharply. "If you try that on again I'll put you over my knees and spank you as I would a kid brother."

[illegible] appearance at [illegible] the [illegible] tion that she was an ordinary [illegible] He had dared her to come to this bungalow and [illegible] had come.

The Story of an Ultramodern Girl Who Thought She Could Defy the Conventions

While she [illegible] to [illegible] Quarrender moving about in the next room. It must be [illegible] room, she reflected, and [illegible] own stuff [illegible] Occasionally she heard something drop on the door, followed by a muttered [illegible] She [illegible] strangeness was wearing off. If [illegible] could [illegible] Quarrender's [illegible] she was going to [illegible] fair amount of [illegible]

Presently Quarrender's large body loomed in the doorway. "The [illegible] jerking [illegible] the direction of a half-opened door. "I wish to heaven you were a boy and I could make you sleep over the garage. I've just been trying out the bed. It's as hard as the planed door and much more bumpy."

Pan jerked the hair out of her eyes and laughed. "I'm glad I'm not a boy, thank [illegible] the same." She added, [illegible] up at him, "And I [illegible] you are, too, Quarrender Hale."

But the [illegible] did not have the [illegible] she expected. Instead he came towards her and grasping her by the shoulders [illegible] her a rough [illegible] "None of this vampire stuff," Pan. Quarrender [illegible] "If you try that on again I'll put you over my knee and spank you as I would a kid brother."

Pan's eyes [illegible] challenge. "You wouldn't dare."

His [illegible] accepted the challenge. "Wouldn't I?" he said, [illegible] Then he let [illegible] they stood facing each other.

[illegible] Neither knew how it happened [illegible] A queer stilled [illegible] Quarrender's breathing [illegible] and there was an odd [illegible] Pan's face [illegible] and she trembled.

The next moment he [illegible] It came so suddenly [illegible] bewildered. He kissed [illegible] in a hungry, angry [illegible] way. He muttered savagely, "[illegible] you, Pan, can't [illegible] to play [illegible] Although what he [illegible]

(Continued on Page 19)

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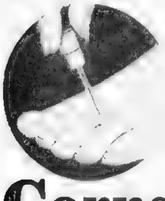

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FREEZONE
ALL DRUGGISTS

Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

(Continued from Page 18)

done was entirely her fault. Which was absurd . . . or was it absurd?

A minute later the kitchen door slammed behind him. Pan stood there staring a long time after him. Presently she gave a breathless laugh. "I think, Quarrender dear, you are going to play the game my way, after all," she murmured.

There was a happy, excited feeling inside her as she set about preparing the meal.

When, some little time later, she started to carry in the supper, Quarrender was plainly embarrassed. He acted as most hulking he-men do act when they feel they have made a fool of themselves. He was clumsily helpful about setting the table and bringing in the dishes. He was over polite. Pan's conviction that her inning had begun was strengthened. The poor man had given her the advantage when he had kissed her. And while she had no intention of taking advantage of it, the occurrence gave her a false sense of victory.

"Where did you dig that out?" Quarrender rumbled, indicating the cloth. "I've been searching for days for something to put on the table."

Pan's smile was that of the practical woman to the domestically helpless male. "In the linen drawer. Where did you look for it?"

"In the cupboard off the kitchen."

"That's the larder," she commented, and tactfully changed the subject.

The sense of strain eased a little as supper progressed. Quarrender was gracious enough to admit that it was the best meal he had eaten for days. For a time they chatted naturally. Yet, though the thought was unspoken, each knew they were only postponing the issue. And, occasionally, when they stopped talking, that queer sense of tension would come up between them. A feeling that all this was but a prelude. . . to what?

Pan did not know. She had come down here blindly, obeying an impulse she could not or would not recognize. She had kept repeating, "I just want to show him." But then . . . What then? Her feelings were mixed. If she had not loved him she could have carried the whole thing through as one grand joke. Her snap in the face to the conventions that had so far hedged her in. Was not this the proof of her theory that you could be really modern and get away with it in this day and age? Yet, while half of her clung to this idea, the other half of her whispered that she did not want to be so very modern. She loved Quarrender and she was beginning to care little about anything else.

She wondered as she sat there facing him in the intimacy of the tiny sitting room, if she would have risked the scorn of Bolton and her own reputaton for any other man in the world except Quarrender? The answer made her feel suddenly afraid. What was Quarrender thinking? Every now and then, when he thought she was not looking he would frown and tap his fingers on the table . . .

"Come out on the porch, Pan," he said when supper was over. "It's so hot in here. We can have a cig, a drink if you like. I've a flask on the sideboard."

Pan shook her head. She didn't want to drink tonight. She felt too tense as it was. The air was hot and sultry, as though a storm were brooding. She wished the storm would break. Perhaps that would help to relieve her own feelings. It would be a climax. She felt they needed that.

Quarrender flung himself on the hammock and, with one leg on the ground, pushed himself slowly to and fro. Pan sat on the steps, her arms tight about her knees, hugging them to her. She still wore the green sports suit she had driven down in, but she had discarded the coat. Her arms were bare, gleaming white in the moonlight. Her hair was dull amber in the glimmer of light that shifted through the window blind.

"Why did you come down here, Pan?" Quarrender asked, presently. His voice had changed. It was quiet and deep. There was no suggestion of banter now in his tones.

Pan shook her head a little from side to side, and answered him much in the same tone, "I don't really know. . . . Perhaps because you dared me."

"That so?"

For a while there was no other sound on the porch but the creek of the hinges as he swung himself monotonously to and fro in the hammock.

"Are you sorry I came?" she asked in a small voice.

"Yes. . .and no," he answered slowly. "You know, Pan, the danger is I might easily fall in love with you."

She jerked her head towards him in surprise. "You might fall in love with me?" she stammered. Somehow that was the very last thing she had expected Quarrender to say.

He nodded and lit a cigarette. "Very easily. . . . And I mustn't fall in love with you."

"Why?" She couldn't resist it.

"Lots of reasons. For one thing I don't think you and I would hit it permanently together. We're both too fond of having our own way. When I marry I mean to settle down, and I can't picture myself as settling down with you somehow. Long ago I decided the type of girl I wanted to marry. . . ."

He paused, and in the pause Pan asked, in a hard little voice, "And I don't measure up to the standard?"

She could feel his smile rather than see it. "You're a dear kid, but I don't mean to marry you. Please don't be hurt. I couldn't say this if I weren't sure you'd understand. . . . Besides there's a girl in 'Frisco."

"I see," said Pan. But really, she didn't see. She stared up at the moon and blinked once or twice. She felt queer, as though she had been china and someone had broken her.

"You're in love with this girl?" she asked presently.

He seemed to be thinking about it. "I scarcely know," he murmured. "Pauline, well, she's always been there. Our families have been friends, and we grew up there. We're not definitely engaged, but there's a sort of understanding. I know, if I ask her to marry me, she'll agree. And we would be sensible and sane and happy."

"I see," Pan murmured again. She hoped the man in the room couldn't see she was crying.

"That's why when we first met, I insisted we must remain pals," Quarrender resumed. "I thought you saw it the way I did—until the night of aunt's dance. Perhaps I was wrong then. Perhaps you were only fooling. If you were I'm darn sorry I said what I did."

Pan did not answer directly. She felt a little desperate, and a little reckless. He had been honest, why shouldn't she be equally honest? The day was past when girls were so jealous of guarding their pride.

"I wasn't altogether fooling that night," she admitted in a little voice.

Quarrender looked down at her sharply. He fumbled with his cigarette case and cleared his throat. "It's sporting of you to own up to it," he conceded. "Few girls would have had the pluck. I admire you for that, honest I do. But see here, now I've explained how things are with me, you understand don't you? From now on we've got to cut out the love stuff and you've got to help me."

There was a longish pause. Pan shook the hair out of her eyes. A fierce little gesture.

"Supposing I don't want to?" she asked at last.

The silence that followed was a tense, strained silence. "That's nonsense," Quarrender growled out angrily. "You don't really want me to fall for you. It's just that, woman-like, you want to try out your skill. After all, it's a very human trait. But from now on, let's agree, Pan, no more foolin' and messin' about. Pals, eh, old kid? No reason why we shouldn't have a grand time down here for the next few days. Then we can go our separate ways with no bones or hearts broken. Is that agreed?"

Pan couldn't trust her voice just then. So she nodded. She felt all flattened out. She wished he had told her all this in the beginning. Although she did not suppose it would have made much difference. She could not have helped loving him.

Quarrender sprang to his feet. He seemd to think he had settled the matter to their mutual satisfaction.

"That's great," he affirmed. "It's grand of you to see it the same way I do." Then with a considerable brightening of tone, "Let's bring out the victrola and have a tune, shall we? Come along in and give me a hand with the records."

CHAPTER XI.

The Morning After.

IT was a long time that night before Pan got to sleep. She lay on the hard camp bed, propped up on her elbow, and stared out to where the moon whitened the slow moving waves and the giant rocks that jutted out of the sea like tall ghostly castles. She was thinking it out, or thought she was. But, in reality, her emotions and thoughts were too mixed. Time and again, she went through everything that had happened since she arrived that evening. Once she murmured aloud, with a touch of self-derision, "I think, Pandora, you grew up tonight."

She felt immensely old and disillusioned. She loved Quarrender, but he did not love her, or did not want to love her, which amounted to much the same thing. Perhaps not with some men, but she was beginning to know Quarrender. A little late in the day, she thought with a twisted smile. He was the type of man who grew up with definite ideas, and would stick to them. He would never allow his emotions, however disturbing, to play havoc with his plans.

Unlike her, he was not given to mad impulses. He was clear-headed, logical. There was something even a little hard in the detached way he had spoken to her tonight. She supposed what he really admired in a girl was an equal level-headedness. What he would require in a wife. Pauline, he had intimated, was like that. Pan set her teeth and hated Pauline.

Presently she sank back on to the pillows and wondered if life would ever be the same after tonight. Never again, she vowed, would she give way so abandonedly to her impulses. She could not ever risk placing herself in the position she was in now. The madness of life was lost for her. The daredevil child Pan was dead. She had lifted the lid of the famous box. But, in the case of the original Pandora, hope had remained. Pan felt that for her nothing was left but a few short days down here with Quarrender.

Tonight, after their talk, they had sat side by side on the steps in the moonlight. He had rolled up his shirt sleeves and his bare arm had touched hers. She had fought an almost irresistible impulse to lay her cheek against his shoulder, to touch his hair. Afterward they had danced on the silvered porch, so close, yet so far away. Pan had felt as though she were dancing with an automaton, not the Quarrender she had known in Bolton. That one had been very aware of her as a girl, he had made a fuss over her, petted her in the roadster. Even tonight, in the kitchen. . . . Yet, instinctively, she realized, it was that which had stiffened his resolution to have no more of that sort of thing. . . . The hot, sultry night, with the world-wise moon and the pin pricks of stars had cried out for romance. Pan's hungry little soul had cried out for romance. But Quarrender had ignored the cry. He had been genial, chummy. That was all. Once Pan had railed weakly, "I guess staying here with you is going to be about as thrilling as visiting my maiden aunt."

He had merely smiled, saying, "Well, if you're bored, remember you brought it upon yourself, Pandora."

She twisted restlessly between the hot sheets and wound her bare white arms beneath her head. Her eyes wandered about the room that floated in a sea of yellow moonlight. Here and there were odd personal articles Quarrender had left behind when he hastily gathered his stuff together to move over the garage. Her eyes caressed each one of them separately. She kept repeating, "Good pals. No nonsense." And, presently, because there was still a good deal of the child Pan left in her, she lay on her side and began to weep. Softly, almost inaudibly. The quiet weeping of one who is tired, and afraid, and lost.

Eventually she cried herself to sleep. . .

There was sunlight in the morning. Bright hot sunlight that drenched Pan's face in a golden pool. She awoke to hear the slur of the waves, the humming of insects in the garden, the twittering of birds in the eaves. Another sound, too, a man's heavy tread in the kitchen and a voice shouting through the door, "Hey there, lazybones, aren't you ever going to wake up?"

Somehow, with all this, it was impossible to feel tragic. Pan tried to recapture her heartbreak of the night, but she could not really believe in it with the renewed excitement of living throbbing through her veins. And, anyhow, wasn't a whole long day with Quarrender ahead of her? Quarrender, the sparkling sea, the bright, hot sunshine?

She jumped out of bed and was dressed in a jiffy. A short beige skirt, green jumper and low-heeled green sandals. A sweep of the powder puff, a touch of paint on her lips. . . Pan was ready to face the day.

Quarrender turned around as she came into the kitchen. Something like approval flickered for an instant in his brown eyes. "Well, you don't look a mess in the morning anyhow," he commented dryly. "Tell me, for heaven's sake, how much coffee to put in. Yesterday it was fierce."

Pan supervised the making of the breakfast. Quarrender insisted he help her cook it. He maintained he was an excellent cook. And Pan nobly upheld him in this belief even when he had burnt two saucepans and allowed the milk to scorch. Privately she wondered why a man, even if he can only boil an egg, is so vain on the subject of his cooking.

Breakfast proved a bright meal. The salt sea breeze, that sent the window curtains flying, seemed to have blown away the strain of the past night. Pan took her cue from Quarrender. They were good chums. Afterwards he suggested they explore the neighborhood. "Good walks around here," he told her. "Especially along the coast. Don't mind a bit of rock climbing, do you?"

"I don't mind anything so long as you're nice to me," Pan thought privately.

"Course not," she scoffed aloud.

Of the two, Pan was to prove the surer footed climber. Her green sandals clung as tenaciously as the feet of a wild mountain goat to the formidable boulders. Once, when she reached the summit before him, he paused half-way up to look at her. Quite a picture she made poised there. The sunbeams caught in the net-work of her hair and jewelled it. Every line in her body was tense and vital, quivering with movement one moment, taut the next. The jagged rocks had scratched her legs, badly in places, but she had not mentioned it. Pan despised the playing for sympathy stunt. She never cried publicly.

Quarrender stood there so long that she railed him. "Why the scrutiny? Hope it's flattering."

"It was," he affirmed as he joined her. "You looked rather stunning standing up there. A sea nymph defying the world." Suddenly he grinned boyishly and added, "You may not be a raving beauty, Pan, but to a masculine eye there's something darn satisfying about you."

Pan laughed to cover a sense of embarrassment. And, because she had flushed, she shaded her eyes with one thin freckled hand, pretending to watch a sail out yonder. It crept like a white moth across a cool green wall.

"I'm blamed glad you did come down here, Pan," Quarrender went on, trying to keep an awkward note out of his voice. "I'm beginning to realize how lonely I was on my onesome."

Pan did not reply. If she said anything she was afraid she might say too much.

"Come on," she cried instead. "I'll race you across that strip of sand below."

All fun that morning. And if both were playing a part, the part came easily.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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How easily she could have loved him but for that one fault—"B.O."

"I KNOW *now* why I lost her. Why she pleaded 'I have a headache' . . . 'it's far too hot' . . . when I begged her to go out with me. Yet all the time I felt she *liked* me—hated to hurt and disappoint me. Had I only realized the truth then! Had I only been more careful about 'B.O.'—*body odor.*"

A hot weather warning

This young man was not *purposely* careless. He never dreamed he was offending. That's the tragic, the heartbreaking thing about body odor. We don't know when we're guilty—and our ignorance can cost us dear!

Never take chances with this distressing fault at any time. And be *extra* careful now when the mercury is shooting upward and the hot sun makes us perspire more freely. Remember, our sense of smell quickly gets used to an ever-present odor and we don't notice it *in ourselves*. But everyone else does.

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Make it a habit to wash and bathe often with Lifebuoy. You'll be cooler, more comfortable, safe from "B.O."! Lifebuoy's rich, creamy, abundant lather purifies and deodorizes pores—keeps the body fresh and sweet. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you better than words, "Here's cleanliness PLUS!"

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Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
stops body odor

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Strange and Interesting Americans

(Concluded from Double Page)

seem to get along with no bosses at all, not even any head man.

If a man takes a notion to build a houseboat he goes around among the inhabitants of some of the more crowded ones until he collects enough volunteers to do the job with him. This crew sets to work with their bolos as the principal tool, and, without a nail or a spike, constructs the new home. Instead of hardware they use rattan strips and wooden pegs, like the "tree nails" of the old American sailing vessels. Elaborate carvings adorn the boats, and for the vintas (sail-boats) they have canvas sails made of a crazy-quilt pattern of many colors. When the houseboat is finished it is anchored and lashed to one of the others in the "suburbs" of the city, and its builders live in it together until someone takes a notion to assemble a gang and build another.

Besides their crude but successful work as fishermen, without nets or hooks, they are famous divers, much sought after by the Japanese captains of the pearl fishing fleet. Yet these Bajaos, as much at home in and on the water as a duck, are in mortal dread of the rain, as much so as any Chinese. At the first spatters fishermen and divers hastily climb out of the water, get under shelter, and stay there till the rain stops. When I asked them about this, they always looked at me as if it were a foolish question, such as only an ignorant foreigner would ask, and replied:

"The rain is a dangerous thing. If we get wet we die. Don't Americans know enough to come in when it rains?"

The idea is not so foolish as it sounds. At the big bathing beaches in America and other civilized lands I have noticed evidence of the same idea. As soon as it starts to rain all the bathers scramble out of the water and rush for the bathhouses as anxiously as if they were dressed in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. An instinct so deeply imbedded in the human race must have some basis. Swimming in the water is one thing, but standing in the rain, naked or in a bathing suit, is something quite different, and would probably invite pneumonia. Anyone who does not mind risking a visit to the hospital or cemetery is welcome to try it and, perhaps prove the sea gypsies wrong.

According to traditions the Bajaos came to Sulu from Johore. The Sultan of Johore wished to marry his own daughter, though the wise men of his court informed him that this was wrong and not the thing to dö. But the Sultan insisted, and, as he was the lord over their lives, they had to consent, but they prevailed upon the Sultan to have the wedding ceremony performed on the open sea. About two thousand boats were tied together, so as to make a huge pontoon, upon which a house was constructed in which the wedding was to be celebrated.

But the magicians of the tribe were cunning, and decided to prevent the wedding from taking place. In the midst of the ceremony they magically caused a great storm to arise, which broke up the platform and scattered the boats in all directions. About 500 boats drifted to Sulu, and this is how the Bajaos came to live there. And, according to their elders, "this all happened about 250 years ago."

There is another tradition told to us by a Bajao woman, but the story of the wedding and the storm figures in it, too. She told us that while the Bajaos lived in Johore, one of their headmen, named Dwana, had an attractive daughter who was coveted and finally taken by force by a chief of the shore people, called Salibungso. But the daughter was unhappy, and finally she fled to her father's boat. Seeing trouble ahead of them, and being a peaceful people, the Bajao magicians got busy and summoned a terrible storm, which drove them all the way to the Sulu Sea, where they remained until the present day.

Bajaos really are a peaceful people. The blood-curdling stories we had heard to the effect that they were a species of human sea monsters are, of course, the fruit of Moro imaginations. It would nöt be possible to call them hospitable, because, in their poverty, they have little to offer a stranger, but we found them friendly, inoffensive and inclined to mind their own business, which is more than some civilized people can do.

Their extreme poverty may be the secret of their communism working so well. They have little to share in common except their boats, which they would have to share in the same way under any system, because they each have an equal investment of labor in them. I noticed, however, that each man's spears and bolo were jealously held as his own personal private property, quite as much as the white man's watch and pocketbook.

But they do seem rather liberal in sharing the only other property they have, their wives. This tribe seems to be almost without any sense of sex morality. I was also informed that their communism breaks down sadly when one of the divers manages to get hold of and hide a sizeable pearl. But as long as nobody has much to share, it seems to work beautifully.

Arriving at Zamboanga, the beautiful tropical city on the southwest point of Mindanao, I learned that a merry little "war" in the interior had flared up but petered out. A few Moro chiefs started a rumpus by refusing to give up their arms, and finally, when the constabulary went after them in force these Moslems resented the intrusion and shot up the constabulary.

Infuriated, the constabulary had attacked the cota, the Moro fortress, destroyed it and killed a few Moros, but the rest of the outlaws escaped into the hills. On the side of the constabulary one officer and several soldiers had been killed and many wounded. The principal bad actor, "Sultan" Mamur, fled to a neighbor datu (chief), Sa Ganassi, who probably sheltered him for a few hours, gave him rice to eat, and asked him to be on his way. In the meantime the constabulary had found out about Mamur's visit to Sa Ganassi, and paid an unexpected visit the latter's cota.

It happened that Sa Ganassi was a contra, a Moro chieftain who does not believe in the authority of any other Government but his own. There are many contras today in Moroland, but they are peaceful, bothering nobody but the tax collector, and asking only to be left alone. They live with their families and followers in their fortified cotas; but, if diplomatically handled, they will undoubtedly, one by one, recognize the folly of their passive resistance to the existing order of things, and in due time become good and law-abiding citizens.

The police force, however, were annoyed at Sa Ganassi for his social error in allowing Mamur to visit him, and demanded the surrender of himself, his fortress and his followers. The small-sized potentate had no serious notions of carrying on a war with the local police, backed up by the might and majesty of Uncle Sam, but to yield at once would cause him to "lose face" with his people, so he went through the usual bluff of first refusing. It is the custom for the authorities to endure with bored patience rather lengthy negotiations with the datus, sultans and semi-outlaw chiefs in order to avoid bloodshed.

But this time the constabulary was irritated by their recent losses and their failure to apprehend Mamur. They brought Stokes mortars into action, literally wiping the fort from the face of the earth, but Sa Ganassi and his followers escaped unscatched into the hills. Although over two hundred shots were fired by the two mortars, not a single Moro was killed, nor were there any serious casualties among the constabulary.

We thought the authorities had cooled down and would let it go at that, but suddenly Colonel Luther Stevens, commander of the Mindanao constabulary, was ordered to go and get Sa Ganassi. I left with the Colonel that night from Zamboanga in a constabulary launch for Malabang, in Illana Bay. We landed 23 hours later, and one more day on horseback, through the jungle, brought us to the war zone along the shores of Lake Lanao.

The country looked peaceful. The Moros we met on the trail were of the usual type, betel-chewing and attired after the approved Moro fashion in tight-fitting pink or black trousers, red turbans and yellow or purple shirts under short, gold-buttoned, black jackets.

The report had been that Sa Ganassi had entrenched himself in a formidable cota, and from there defied anybody to attack him. But upon our arrival at Dansalan, the provincial capital of Lanao, the news had reached the constabulary headquarters that the whole thing had been a false alarm, and that the whereabouts of Mamur and Sa Ganassi were still unknown.

Governor John J. Heffington took this correspondent in a car to the various "battlefields" — Mamur's destroyed cota, located near Dansalan, and Sa Ganassi's, further southward along the west shore of the lake. Both cotas were rather formidable affairs, enclosed by deep, almost bombproof trenches and thick bamboo fences, with the surrounding grounds strewn with sharp bamboo spikes for the attacking parties to cut their feet upon. Sa Ganassi's cota had a whole system of subterranean passages, through which the outlaws had escaped when the gas þombs finally made things too uncomfortable for them. Numerous bamboo pipes protruded from the trenches.

Through these pipes the Moros could, in comparative safety, observe the attacking soldiers and shoot at them by simply sticking their guns through the pipes and firing when they saw a man. Near the Pandi Ranao (which is Moro for "the Battlefield of Lanao"), the name of Sa Ganassi's cota, a constabulary detachment is now located in an old mosque. When our party arrived we were informed by the officer in charge, Lieutenant Almando Ylagan, a Filipino, that he had been in touch with the outlaw through other Moros. One of them was the Sultan Sa Tugaya. The outlaw was willing to surrender should he be granted immunity for himself and his followers.

Sa Tugaya's village and palace were located only a short distance from the constabulary post. The Governor and I, escorted by six armed soldiers, marched over the jungle trail along the lake shore of Tugaya, and found a picturesque collection of Moro houses. Some of the houses were elaborately carved and painted, and all were built on poles in the usual Malayan fashion. We passed, on our way through, a barbed wire fence. On the gate the outlaws had posted a sign in English, reading: "This is the line between Contras and Tugaya."

We heard pounding of agongs and drums, most probably signaling a warning to the outlaws that we were approaching. There was every reason to suspect that they were hiding in the neighborhood. In fact, Sa Ganassi, through his many marriages and other family ties, was related to practically everyone in the village, and here in Tugaya he was certainly among friends.

When we arrived at the "main plaza" of the village the Sultan Sa Tugaya appeared with all his followers. He is an elderly gentleman of imposing stature, dressed in the usual Moro way, and wearing a small turban. He greeted us in a friendly manner, and the Governor immediately opened negotiations for Sa Ganassi's formal surrender.

"Tell Sa Ganassi that I, the Governor, have said that if he surrenders to me before Tuesday, the 24th, he and his followers will go unscathed."

The Sultan seemed pleased. He promised to arrange for the formal surrender on the following Sunday. In the meantime he appointed Lieutenant Ylagan deputy governor, and gave instructions that all preliminary arrangements were to be made through him, and on the day agreed upon the outlaw came in from the brush with his followers and surrendered, and all hands were released. It was one of those comic opera situations which are constantly being enacted between our government officials and our wild Americans of the Philippine jungles.

THE END.

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CORRECT LENGTH FOR CORRECT BED-MAKING

Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 16)

with an expression of terror upon her face. I was telling him that in cases of apoplexy the features are often distorted into a grimace which may be construed either as anger or fear or horrible laughter, depending upon which facial muscles are affected. Harlan seemed relieved by my explanation. He told me that he was only a boy at the time she died and that the whole thing had preyed upon his mind until he became convinced that she had seen something horrible. For years he lived in constant fear of some day seeing something so terrifying that he would die of sheer fright. It was this which originally had led to his researches in India." The Doctor paused, and Jimmy leaned still farther forward in his chair.

"You were the first to see Grant after he was found dead in his study, would you say that his expression was one of horror?"

"Undoubtedly that is how it would be described."

"Didn't you connect it in any way with the conversation you have just repeated?"

When the Doctor answered, his voice was very low. "If I did I tried to put it from me as absurd and fantastic. At the time I had no reason to suspect that the death was anything but natural. I merely thought that he had died from a brain lesion, in the same fashion as his mother."

"And later," Jimmy pressed, "when they declared that it was murder, what did you think then?"

The Doctor's hands went to his head and I saw that they were trembling violently. "I tried not to think," he cried. "Don't you see what untold horrors it opened to the imagination? I deliberately forget everything connected with it until last night."

"You mean when you saw the Colonel?"

"Yes." The other raised tortured eyes. "Call it due to strangulation if you like, I swear to you his expression was the same as that of my poor friend. . . ."

Dr. Waverly himself took us into the next house, unlocking the door with a key which hung upon his key ring. He established us in the living room, then went in search of Chanda Steeb.

She gave a hand to each of us, then dropped wearily into a chair. "Dr. Waverly tells me that you want to ask some questions," she said. "Do you mind being as quick as possible? I can't leave Mr. Steeb for very long."

"How is he today?" Jimmy asked sympathetically, and a shadow crossed her face.

"Not at all well. I want him to see a doctor, but he refuses . . ."

"The eccentricity of genius," he suggested, and she nodded.

"He really is a genius, you know. Only, few people appreciate it, because chemistry isn't a showy thing like music or art."

"You help him, I understand."

"Yes; I keep his notes and do the unimportant routine work that would merely waste his time." She made a deprecatory little gesture and changed the subject. "What do you wish me to tell you, Mr. Lane?"

"First, I should like to know where Singh was at the time of your father's death last night."

"Singh?" She looked puzzled. "Why, I suppose he was in his room."

"You said, I remember, that his room was directly under yours. Did you hear his voice?"

"No, because I wasn't in my room. Mrs. Chapman was here—"

"The Lady Elfrieda!" Jimmy gasped. Then, at her expression of astonishment, "Just a fool nickname we've given her," he explained. "Do tell us what she was doing here at that hour."

"It wasn't very late," Chanda protested, "and there was nothing unusual about her being here. She's president of the League for International Peace, and I've been acting as secretary. I wasn't able to attend the meeting last night because of Uncle Harlan's death and Mrs. Chapman dropped in to give me the minutes."

"What time did she leave?"

"I can't tell you exactly, but it was some time after my father went over to the house next door. He passed through the hall and called to me that he was going to work in the study. After that we talked for about 15 or 20 minutes, I should say; then she left and I went up to my room and got ready for bed. Next, I began to heat some milk over a little stove we have in the bathroom. It was while I was there that I heard my father's scream."

"You heard him?" Jimmy stared at her. "You actually heard him scream?"

"Yes; then a moment later I heard the sound of his fall."

"By Jove, that's queer! Did your husband hear it, too?"

"No; he was asleep on the other side of the house. He'd slept very little for the past few nights and I'd persuaded him to go to bed early."

"What did you do after you heard the screams?"

"I ran into the hall and discovered Lalah was coming up from her room. I told her to have Singh go over to the house next door and find out what had happened."

"And did he go?"

"Not at once. I suppose he stopped to dress. It was at least three or four minutes before I heard him leave. In the meantime, Mr. Steeb had wakened. I didn't want to alarm him unnecessarily, so I went into his bedroom, and I was there when Singh came back. One of the detectives was with him and they told us what had happened. I left Singh with Mr. Steeb and took Lalah next door with me."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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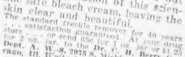

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

Way to Whiten Skin 3 to 5 Shades Overnight

New Way Found to Remove Flaws

Here's the new scientific way to remove freckles, blackheads, ugly weather stains and tell-tale wrinkles, and to make the skin smooth and whiter — three to five shades whiter overnight. It is the safest and surest way known to have a beautiful pink and white skin and to keep it that way indefinitely.

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Timely Tips on Turkish Towels

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NO housewife ever seems to have enough towels in her linen closet! What with Summer bathing, week-end guests and trips to the beach, there is the constant call, "Where are some more clean towels?"

The answer to this demand will be found in a wise and thrifty purchase of new towels and bathroom supplies in the present economical August sales, for towels of all kinds are now specially featured in the shops and at such remarkable bargains that it is the best economy to stock up the linen shelves now.

What does the shopper seek in the bath towels she buys? Is it color? Is it luxury of size? Is it basic qualities of textural value which mean service and long wear? Or is it a combination of all these qualities as far as her pocket-book allows?

She must determine this first in order to set her own standards in what she is seeking. It is a mistake, for example, and a most common one, too, to buy primarily on a color choice, and to let a towel of a beautiful green or orchid shade sway purchase when the material of which it is made is of doubtful quality.

Let the shopper first pay attention to the weave itself, understand its points, and seek value and wear in the textile, and then let color and design come afterwards. The peculiar weave which we call "Turkish" or bath toweling, or more recently "Terry Cloth," is made of cotton threads.

The foundation weaving consists of three separate sets of yarn—two sets in the lengthwise warp, and one set in the crosswise filling. The "loops" which are the distinctive feature of this textile are made by letting the second set of warp threads be woven at a slacked and looser tension than the threads of the ground warp.

All this would seem a bit too technical, were it not that wise choice in buying depends entirely on a recognition of the weaving. In good quality towels this extra and loose "loop" is held in place by three, four or six rows of crosswise weaving woven so close together that the "loops" are held in place. On the other hand in cheap grades of toweling the crosswise threads are wide apart, and thus do not hold the "loop" tightly, but allow it to spread, resulting in an unevenly woven and sleezy towel.

Again, a second point: the construction of the yarn used is important, the service and lasting wear of the towel depending on the way its yarn is made. A single yarn is made from one strand of twisted fibres, while a double yarn is made from two single threads and hence is stronger.

Generally, then, an increase in the number of "twists" means an increase in strength, but only up to a certain point, because given yarns of equal size and twist, the textile which has the greatest number of ends to the inch is the strongest. However, those towels which are made from a large number of short length yarns are not as strong as those having fewer but larger yarns. All this can be easily determined by taking an old bath towel or wash cloth and picking it apart. It is easy to see for oneself the threads, their length and position, and to use this information in judging new material.

Third, as to weight: sometimes such towels are featured on a weight basis. But this is misleading, because a light towel with a heavy border will weigh more than a towel with a good woven background and a narrow hem, and it is obvious that the latter is the better. Indeed, a too heavy border and hem is unwise unless in a very high quality goods, because almost invariably the extra weight of the hem will pull apart and often come straight off the end of the towel.

Next, always avoid a "pile" or finish which has a silky appearance. This means only that the yarn in the towel has been treated to a mercerizing process which makes it look like silk. This only makes the appearance more luxurious and attractive, but adds nothing to the wear, and considerably increases the cost.

One of the best guides for the shopper buying any towels or linens is to look at the selvage or woven edge. In the best grades the weaving of the filling threads should extend crosswise the full width of the towel and be woven around the edge, and come back. In poor towels the filling threads are often only carried part way to the edge which leaves a weak selvage which may give out even before the rest of the towel. One frequently finds small towels with one edge entirely "raw" or cut. This is explained because two small towels were woven on a large loom intended to weave but one, and then cut in half length-wise. This saves manufacturing costs, but gives a poor towel to the consumer, who should always look at the selvage first.

The size of the towel depends somewhat on the size of the person using it, or personal taste. Most men and large adults seem to prefer the larger towel. Children, of course, need only a small towel. From the efficiency point of view, the medium sized towel scores higher on every household count: it washes easier than the very large towel which becomes heavy to lift when wet; it costs less to launder commercially because such work is usually estimated by the pound weight and the larger the towel the larger the price; last, the medium sized towel when folded fits well into small storage space.

The absorbent qualities of all this type of towel should also be taken into consideration because, after all, that is their chief function—to dry and hold moisture.

The rapidity with which these towels absorb moisture depends on the amount of surface exposed to that moisture, in other words, to the thickness of the "pile" and the amount of twist in the yarn.

A towel of soft twisted yarn allows more rapid absorption, while the hard finish yarn is slower to soak up water. Incidentally, this is a point for the laundress to remember, that soft finished materials, being more porous, allow the dirt to drop through more easily, with less rubbing or machine washing than hard finished materials, out of which it is more difficult to dislodge the soil.

Since most bathrooms in the modern residence or apartment have gone de luxe as far as their equipment and colorful fixtures are concerned, naturally color is in the bathroom, and that means color in bath towels. Nothing is more attractive than towels which have not only the old-fashioned narrow colored weaving at the hem, but also those which are all-over colored to match or contrast with the room's decorative plan.

However, the thrifty shopper should always remember that color costs, and that she can secure a much better quality in an all-white or small woven border design than she can in the same sized towel if it be a riotous orchid, or a glorious green. Again, the all-over pattern or design which makes some towels so striking, especially in a modernistic design, are made on what is called a Jacquard loom, and this weaving always adds to the expense.

Of course, if there is a definite color scheme to the bathroom, not only bath towels, but bath mats and wash cloths should or may be chosen in matching or harmonizing colors. Everything that has been said about the Turkish towel holds equally true of the lowly but useful bath mat, and its accessory wash cloth. In this latter there is a great deal of merchandise which is "seconds," or at least far from the best quality. The 10-cent wash cloth, no matter if a good buy for the money, cannot equal the 25-cent cloth with its shorter and more velvety "pile" of loops.

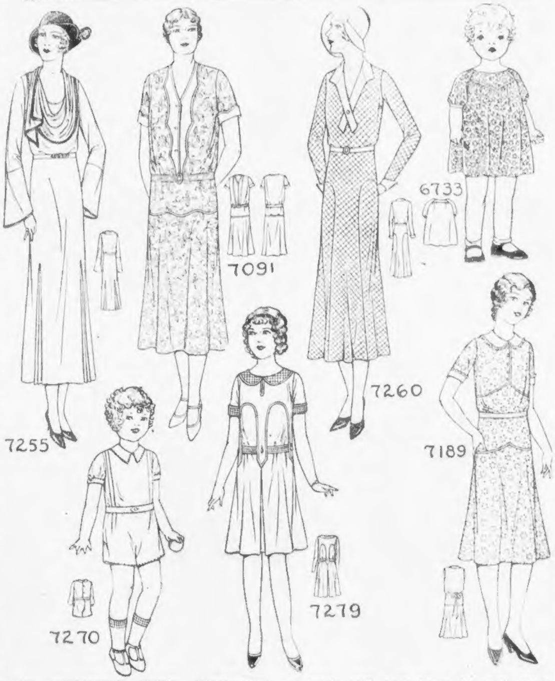
Many homes with several members in the family follow the plan of assigning a different color to each individual or child and this helps keep linen separate and the laundry less. But small or large, city or country, the house demands a generous towel supply. Smart shopping will fill empty shelves economically and at the same time take advantage of the gay and beautiful designs and rich weaves in which the manufacturer now offers towels to his Mrs. Consumer.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Sliced Oranges or Figs. Prepared Cereal. French Toast. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Cereal. Toasted English Muffins. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Cereal. Tomatoes. Bacon. Quick Biscuits. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Prunes or Grapes. Scrambled Eggs. Corn Muffins. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Coddled Eggs. Squash Griddle Cakes. Toast or Rolls. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Figs. Broiled Tomatoes with Minced Bacon. Popovers. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Plain Omelet. Ice Box Rolls. Coffee.
Luncheon Chartreuse of Eggplant. Fruit Salad. Jelly Cream Dressing. Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Broiled Salmon with Green Peas. Spaghetti or Potato Balls. Rolls. Lemon Sponge with Cream. Iced Coffee or Punch.	*Luncheon* Jellied Vegetable Salad Garnished with Sour Cream Dressing. Nut Bread. Corn Starch Blanc Mange with Fruit Sauce. Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Cantaloupe Cocktail. Creamed Ham or Dried Beef. String Bean Salad. Toasted Corn Muffins (Left-Overs). Apple Pie. Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Frozen Cream Cheese Salad Sandwiches Cut in Fancy Shapes (Assorted). Peanut Cookies. Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Stuffed Veal Cutlets. Horseradish Cream Sauce. Macaroni or Steamed Potatoes. Buttered Green Vegetables. Cantaloupe.	*Dinner* Pickled Lamb's Tongue. Delmonico Potatoes. Succotash. Favorite Salad. Peach Melba Shortcake.
Dinner Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding. Stewed Corn. Cucumber and Tomato Salad. French Dressing. Grape Sherbet. One Egg Cake.	*Dinner (Cold)* Cold Roast Beef (Sliced Thin). Potato Salad. Sliced Tomatoes. Caramel or Coffee Ice Cream. Cookies.	*Dinner (Company)* Braised Chicken. Steamed Rice. Asparagus. Stuffed Tomatoes with Grated Cucumber. Shortcake with Whipped Cream.	*Dinner* Baked Tongue. Currant Jelly Sauce. Noodles or Riced Potatoes. Green Butter Beans. Caramel Cream or Coffee Frappe.	*Dinner* Cold Tongue (Sliced Thin). Salad of Asparagus. Tomatoes. Potatoes. Cantaloupe. Sultana Roll with Raspberry Sauce.	*Supper* Pineapple and Date Salad. Peanut Bread. Grapeade (Lemonade with Grape Juice).	*Supper* Assorted Sandwiches. Home Made Ice Cream. Honey Cookies.

American Weekly Patterns



AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL WITH NEW STYLE FEATURES (7255). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 5 yards of one material, 39 inches wide.

A PRETTY MORNING DRESS FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (7091). Designed in 10 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. It will require 3¾ yards of 35-inch material for a 46-inch size. Contrasting material requires ⅜ yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise.

SMART DAYTIME FROCK (7260). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4⅞ yards of 35-inch material. The facings of contrasting material require ⅛ yard 35 inches wide.

A PRACTICAL PLAY GARMENT (7270). Designed in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size will require 1½ yards of 35-inch material.

A PRETTY DRESS WITH TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE (7279). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size will require 2⅛ yards of 35-inch material if made of one material and with short sleeves. With long sleeves, 2⅜ yards. Contrasting material requires ⅜ yard.

GIRL'S DRESS (7189). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 35-inch material if made with short sleeves. Without sleeves, 1⅞ yards. For contrasting material, ⅜ yard cut crosswise is required. For ruffling on collar and cuffs, 2⅞ yards 1½ inches wide will be required, cut crosswise.

GIRL'S DRESS (6733). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. A 2-year size with wrist length sleeves requires 1⅝ yards of 35-inch material. With short sleeves, 1⅜ yards are required. To trim with bias binding requires 2 yards 1½ inches wide.

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BARGAIN DAY.
TWO PATTERNS FOR 25c OR 15c EACH.

7255..........Bust 7260..........Bust
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Send 10 cents in coin for our ***FALL BOOK OF FASHIONS,*** *showing 16 color pages and containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker.*

How to
BANISH YOUR GRAY HAIR *in* 15 *minutes!*

Old age is no respecter of persons. Nor of *ages*. Unannounced, it steals upon you, putting undeserved years into your appearance. *Today* a woman is as old as she *looks*. So if you want to be *yourself*, banish *your* gray hair in 15 minutes! NOTOX re-colors gray hair in a decidedly new, scientific way. Instead of coating the hair with a plate of dye (as do old-fashioned "clear white restorers,") NOTOX *penetrates* the hair and colors it *inside* the hair shaft. Your hair is as lustrous, fine and supple as ever, undetectably natural. Wash, wave and sun NOTOXED hair—there's no effect upon its permanence and beauty. *Resent a substitute.* A like product does not exist. Buy NOTOX at leading shops everywhere. It's *safe* and *sure!*

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MADE BY INECTO *Inc.* 33 W. 46th ST. NEW YORK

BE CAREFUL, MOTHER...

with the Powder you use on your baby!

Z.B.T. is a unique compound talc made of the finest ingredients obtainable. It is healing and soothing—entirely free from lime or mica. Leading physicians, nurses and hospitals recommend Z.B.T. as perfect protection against Urea Irritation, prickly heat and chafing.

Reject Substitutes!
Use Z. B. T. to keep Baby's skin clear and healthy. At all drug, department and chain stores, in three sizes—10c, 25c and 50c.

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Z.B.T. BABY TALCUM
FINE FOR BABY'S BODY FINE FOR EVERYBODY!

MERCOLIZED WAX

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolized Wax brings out the youthful, smooth, white underskin aglow with new life and beauty.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent.

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

Here's That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch

Instantly prepared and freedom from sticking and rumpling too. Try it tomorrow!

Feel the Difference it Makes
Give that lovely French laundered effect to all you iron. Note how easy it makes ironing. No sticking or rumpling. A perfect even solution. And just think how simple. It leaves old style lump starch without place in modern laundering. Just add hot water. The cheapest way in the world to do hot starching. A secret formula thousands are delighted to learn about. Try it tomorrow. In the big yellow package—QUICK ELASTIC

Just Add Hot Water—That's All
This entirely new and modern way brings end to uncertainty and to inconvenience in hot starching. A perfect mixture of any wanted delicacy for soft collars, shirts, lingerie straps, aprons, curtains, children's things. Gives a wonderful touch to all you iron. Just by adding hot water to a spoonful of this powder. Nothing else to add. No mixing. It's finest cornstarch complete with everything in pulverized form. Hot Starch in 30 Seconds!

Write for FREE sample and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

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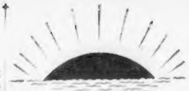

This New and Better TINT SAVES Time and MONEY

"OFF with the old . . . on with the new!" Almost quick as a wink!

It's that easy to Dytint your faded lingerie or summer cotton and silk dresses, and restore their original beauty . . . see them sparkle with fresh new color . . . note how new the fabric looks! . . . and at such trifling cost! . . . only 10c a full-size box!

DYTINT
"the new and better tint"
is a wonderful help to present-day women who know how to make the most of things. Dytint saves the day . . . saves money!

No need ever to wear faded dresses and lingerie, or those with that much-laundered look. Dytint enables every woman to have fresh, dainty garments at all times. It takes almost no time at all to tint, and there's no uncertainty as to results . . . always fresh, lovely colors that last remarkably well. Try Dytint—it will show you how beautiful and satisfactory tints can be. You'll really enjoy Dytint colors; their delicate, clear sparkle is quite unusual. They are made by the makers of Sunset Soap Dyes and guaranteed to be the equal or superior of any tint on the market. And too, Dytint—in a *full* size box for 10c—gives you 50% more tint than is contained in the usual 10c tint packages. Ask your dealer to show you the Dytint Color Card.

If you need or prefer a *fast* dye for either light or heavy material, use Sunset Soap Dyes. The soap in Sunset opens up the fiber and allows the dye to penetrate the fabric thoroughly, thus producing in the dyed material a depth of color which rivals that of the professional dyer. Many lovely colors. 15c per cake. Ask your dealer to show you the Sunset Color Card. To remove old color use Dytint Color Remover, 10c. If your dealer does not carry NADCO products, do not let him substitute; order from us direct.

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2 Weeks' Supply of Liquid Veneer

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Liquid Veneer makes old furniture and woodwork LOOK JUST LIKE NEW. Saves expensive refinishing. Use it when dusting.

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. . . expertly designed to make your hair lie exactly as you want it.

Drug stores and department stores have ACE COMBS *in many sizes and styles.*

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Please send me your free booklet "Lovely Hair"
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from Plantations to Firestone Service Stores and Service Dealers

Firestone *own*
Rubber Preparation Factory and warehouse at Singapore

Firestone *own*
Rubber Plantations in Liberia

Firestone *own*
Cord Fabric Mills

Firestone *own*
Battery Factory

Firestone *own*
Rim Factory

Firestone *own*
Pacific Coast Factories

Firestone *own*
Great Factories in Akron

Firestone *invested*
$25,000,000 last year with their Service Dealers in establishing One-Stop Service Stores to give car owners the most economical standardized service.

Firestone

Control Every Step in Tire Making

FIRESTONE control every step in the manufacture of their products. They have their own rubber preparation factory and warehouse in Singapore—their own cord fabric factories—their own great tire factories—the most efficient in the world. *The millions of dollars saved annually by Firestone from these great economies are passed on to you in Extra Values.*

You get the full benefit of these values because every Firestone Tire bears the Firestone name, and is doubly guaranteed by Firestone and Firestone Service Dealers. Why take chances with special brand tires, built just to sell—without the manufacturer's name, guarantee or responsibility for service.

Drive in Today to the Firestone Service Dealer in your community and make your own comparisons with **cross sections** of Firestone Tires and special brand mail order tires. *Get the facts yourself* about tire quality and construction. When you see the Extra Values you get, you will feel secure only on Firestone Tires.

COMPARE Construction *and* Quality

4.75-19 Tire	Firestone Oldfield Type	*A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Weight, pounds . .	18.00	17.80
More Thickness, inches .	.658	.605
More Non-Skid Depth, in.	.281	.250
More Plies under Tread .	6	5
Same Width, inches . . .	5.20	5.20
Same Price	$6.65	$6.65

4.50-21 Tire	Firestone Sentinel Type	*A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Weight, pounds . .	17.02	16.10
More Thickness, inches .	.598	.561
More Non-Skid Depth, in.	.250	.234
More Plies under Tread .	6	5
Same Width, inches . . .	4.75	4.75
Same Price	$4.85	$4.85

COMPARE PRICES

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	*Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair	Firestone Sentinel Type Cash Price Each	*Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Firestone Sentinel Type Cash Price Per Pair
Ford Chevrolet	4.40-21	$4.98	$4.98	$9.60	$4.35	$4.35	$8.50
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.60	5.60	10.90	4.78	4.78	9.26
Ford	4.50-21	5.69	5.69	11.10	4.85	4.85	9.40
Ford Chevrolet Whippet	4.75-19	6.65	6.65	12.90	5.68	5.68	11.14
Erskine Plymouth	4.75-20	6.75	6.75	13.10	5.75	5.75	11.26
Chandler DeSoto Dodge Durant Graham-Paige Pontiac Roosevelt Willys-Knight	5.00-19	6.98	6.98	13.60	5.99	5.99	11.66
Essex Nash	5.00-20	7.10	7.10	13.80	6.10	6.10	11.90
Essex Nash Oldsmobile	5.00-21	7.35	7.35	14.30	6.35	6.35	12.40
Buick	5.25-21	8.57	8.57	16.70	7.37	7.37	14.52

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	*Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
Buick-Marquette Oldsmobile	5.25-18	$7.90	$7.90	$15.30
Auburn Jordan Reo	5.50-18	8.75	8.75	17.00
Gardner Marmon Oakland Peerless Studebaker	5.50-19	8.90	8.90	17.30
Chrysler Viking	6.00-18	11.20	11.20	21.70
Franklin Hudson Hupmobile	6.00-19	11.40	11.40	22.10
LaSalle Packard	6.00-20	11.50	11.50	22.30
Pierce-Arrow	6.00-21	11.65	11.65	22.60
Stutz	6.50-20	13.10	13.10	25.40
Cadillac Lincoln	7.00-20	15.35	15.35	29.80

TRUCK and BUS TIRES

SIZE	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	*Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
30x5 H.D.	$17.95	$17.95	$34.90
32x6 H.D.	29.75	29.75	57.90
36x6 H.D.	32.95	32.95	63.70
6.00-20 H.D.	15.35	15.35	29.80

★ **A *"Special Brand" tire*** is made by a manufacturer for distributors such as Mail Order houses, oil companies and others, under a name that does not identify the tire manufacturer to the public, usually because he builds his "best quality" tires under his own name. Firestone puts his name on *every* tire he makes.

Double Guarantee—Every tire manufactured by Firestone bears the name "Firestone" and carries Firestone's unlimited guarantee and that of our 25,000 Service Dealers and Service Stores. You are doubly protected.

FIRESTONE SERVICE STORES and SERVICE DEALERS SAVE YOU MONEY and SERVE YOU BETTER